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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAGE, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. 2, '12

KENWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert E. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain F. A. G. Stuart; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 220, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays

L. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE; President, Joe. Daniels; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Council Meeting Called.

The representative council will meet on Tuesday evening, May 27th, in response to a vote of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening. There will be considerable business to come before the council, matters having been accumulating ever since the first meeting.

At the meeting of the board on Thursday evening, the proposed street railway extension was further discussed. Further explanations were made in open meeting and then the board went into executive session to consider its report to the representative council. After the session it was announced that the board had voted to recommend the granting of the petition, with minor changes. The board did not approve of the turnout asked for near Pope street, and also advised the construction of the line on Morton avenue on the south side of the road, so as to require but one line of poles.

A large amount of routine business was transacted at the aldermanic session, including the consideration of many applications for licenses. Lorling, Tallman & Tupper were the lowest bidders for discounting a $60,000 note. James M. Gillies received the contract for erecting the voting booths at $125 each. Fagan & Kelly were given a contract to erect 100 new bath houses at the Beach at $17.25 each.

Mayor MacLeod, Aldermen Albro and Kelly were made a committee on celebration of Perry Day, and Aldermen Hughes, Leddy and Kirby a committee on Independence Day.

New England Order of Protection.

At the annual meeting of the Supreme Lodge New England Order of Protection held in Boston last Tuesday, John P. Sanborn of this city was elected Supreme Treasurer, for the 23d time. During the time he has held that office he has paid out over twelve millions of dollars to beneficiaries of deceased members in New England. The Order was reported at this meeting to be in a very healthy condition. It had $168,719.84 in the relief and benefit fund at the close of the year April 1st with every approved death claim paid. The annual meeting was a very harmonious one and much progressive legislation was transacted. The newly elected Supreme Warden is Frank E. Hill of Connecticut; the Supreme Vice Warden is Arthur M. Willis of Massachusetts and the Supreme Secretary who was elected for the seventeenth time, is D. M. Frye of Maine.

Miss Maud L. Stevens gave a very interesting talk before the pupils of the American History class at the Rogers High School on Wednesday afternoon, her subject being "Early Newport." Miss Stevens is thoroughly familiar with the early history of this city and is able to convey her own knowledge in an interesting manner to others.

Mr. John T. P. Peirce, son of the late Colonel Thomas J. Peirce, has been elected town clerk of the town of North Kingstown to succeed his father. The town council met Friday afternoon to fill the vacancy.

Hearing on Track Extensions.

There was a large attendance at the public hearing given by the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening, on the petition of the Newport & Fall River Street Railway to extend its tracks. The hearing was held in the council chamber, with Mayor MacLeod presiding. There was a representation of those in favor of the petition and those opposed, both sides being represented by counsel. The opposition was hardly as strong as some had expected, and there was no hard feeling manifested at the hearing.

The company's petition asked for the right to double-track its line on Bath road from the present turnout to the Beach; also to extend its Morton park line through Morton avenue and Carroll avenue to Harrison avenue, with a new turnout on Spring street near Bowery. Mayor MacLeod explained in opening the hearing that the board of aldermen could merely make recommendations to the representative council, as the board had no power to grant the petition. He also read a petition against the turnout on Spring street, from a number of abutters.

Chief Engineer Klewin spoke against the location of the rails in the center of Morton avenue, on account of the necessity for a double line of poles. He believed that the present poles would be sufficient if the tracks were laid on the north side. Messrs. John H. Brierley, Richard H. Brown and John Gillies objected to the location of the Spring street turnout in the narrowest part of the street.

M. A. Sullivan appeared as attorney for several objectors to the double tracking of Bath road, and spoke against this project. It appeared that some of his clients objected not so much to the detriment to Bath road, as to the hauling of a big crowd of people to the Beach, which detracted from its attractiveness. Others thought the roadway would be dangerous. In regard to the southern extension, Mr. Sullivan thought the route chosen, through Morton avenue, would be dangerous, and advocated Coggeshall avenue.

Joseph A. Donovan had a long petition in favor of the southern extension, and a letter from George Gordon King also favored the extension. J. Alton Barker, D. LeRoy Dresser and Dr. Charles A. Brackett spoke at considerable length in favor of the double tracking on Bath road. Dr. Brackett explained the situation very clearly, and believed that the opposition came largely from the same class that is always opposed to change or improvement.

Colonel William P. Sheffield, representing the railroad, presented two petitions, signed by many taxpayers asking for the granting of the permission asked for. He spoke briefly of the situation, and thought some of the objections could be easily met. Hon. P. J. Murphy advocated extending the railroad tracks clear to the creek. After a number of others had spoken briefly, both for and against the propositions, the hearing was adjourned.

The steamer Georgian Prince has caused some trouble among the pilots of the Rhode Island waters this week. Captain Edward M. Millikin of Block Island, one of the licensed pilots, claims that the steamer deliberately passed him Sunday morning, and later picked up Pilot MacDonald of this city, who thus secured the fee. Pilot Millikin, with Captain "Pal" Dodge, also a licensed pilot, went to Providence the next day, and made formal protest against such action. The captain of the Georgian Prince claimed that he did not see a pilot's flag flying from Millikin's boat, but this statement is not credited by the Block Islanders. They promise to make things warm for the fresh water pilots."

Mr. George A. Pritchard left Newport Thursday evening, to make his home with his son, Rev. Arthur O. Pritchard, on the Hudson. Previous to his departure he called on many of his life-long friends in this city, and bade them farewell, receiving many hearty expressions of good wishes for the future. At the meeting of Lawton-Warren Post on Wednesday evening, a letter of regret at Mr. Pritchard's departure was unanimously approved and presented to him. He has long been active in the affairs of the Post, and will be greatly missed.

Last Saturday afternoon there was somewhat of a mob of children around the Aquidneck Bank building, all of them having more or less of a load of dead flies which they wished to leave and receive their payment. The committee had advertised to pay 10 cents a dozen for flies, and the response was so great that they were overwhelmed. They had not time to count the flies, and the money gave out, so further payments had to be postponed until Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank L. Peckham is convalescing from the effects of an operation at the Newport Hospital.

To Start Weaver Building.

Bids have been called for the construction of the new Weaver building on the site of the old one which was destroyed by fire during the last week in December. It is expected that an award of the contract will be made in a very short time, so that work can be begun within a few weeks and be completed by early fall. It will be a great improvement to the neighborhood to have a good building erected there, and many are hoping that it will not be long before the ruins are cleared up on the other places that were burned.

The new Weaver building will be of three stories, the lower two to be occupied as a hardware store, and the third floor to be fitted as a club room. It is possible that the Craftsmen's Club, which now has quarters across the street, may move into the building and occupy the whole of the top floor.

The building will be of pressed brick and will be attractive in appearance. It will be fireproof throughout and will be modern in every respect. The general arrangement will be somewhat similar to the old building, the store fronting on Broadway with an entrance from Spring street also. The entrance to the club rooms on the third floor will be from Stone street.

For Memorial Day.

One week from next Friday will be Memorial Day, and all the plans are practically complete for the full observance of the day by the Grand Army of the Republic. The general committee has had a number of meetings and the work of the sub committees on various arrangements has been completed at a much earlier date than usual.

The celebration of the day will probably be a notable one, the feature being a big street parade, composed of the troops from Fort Adams and Fort Greble, the men from the Atlantic fleet, the apprentices from the Training Station, and the Newport Artillery Company. The general programme of the day will be about the same as in former years, with the exception that the graves of deceased comrades outside the city proper will be decorated on the preceding day.

Beach Dance Hall Opened.

The new dance hall at the Beach was thrown open to the public for the first time on Monday evening, and there was a very generous response on the part of Newport people. There was quite a crowd at the Beach all the evening, and the capacity of the dance hall was pretty well taxed, even though it has been doubled in size since last summer. All those who used the floor pronounced it fine, and there is little doubt but that it will be well patronized during the summer. For the present the management will probably open the dance hall about two evenings a week. This will be a decided innovation, as in years past the Beach has seldom been opened at all before the last of June.

There was a lot of excitement in the heart of the city on Friday night of last week, and it was freely rumored that war had been declared with Japan. The cause of the excitement was the summoning of all the men from the sub-marines back to their vessels. The men were called from the theatres, dance halls and other places of amusement. It subsequently developed that this was simply in the nature of a test, and the information comes from Washington that the administration is displeased at the sensationalism, a time when relations with Japan are somewhat strained.

The May meeting of the board of trade on Tuesday evening was uneventful. Reports were received from various committees, and President Titus announced that he was endeavoring to hurry along the new railroad station matter. It was decided to do nothing further in the way of establishing a bureau of information for the present.

Announcement is made that next Sunday a team known as the "Providence Collegians" will play ball in this city. It is further stated that they are ineligible to play on the Brown Varsity because of the rules of the college. The rule probably is that no one is eligible who is not enrolled as a student at the college.

Mayor William MacLeod was the principal speaker at the meeting of the Mt. Zion Literary Association last Sunday afternoon, telling of a number of ways in which the church can help the civic welfare.

Commodore Gerry has sailed for Europe for his usual spring visit, and will come to Newport early in July to spend the summer.

Colonel Frank P. King of the Newport Artillery was one of the guests at the Providence Light Infantry dinner on Monday evening.

Recent Deaths.

Thomas J. Peirce.

Colonel Thomas J. Peirce of Wickford died at his home in that village on Saturday afternoon last, after a considerable illness. About a year ago he was seriously ill for a number of weeks, but his friends had hoped that his physical condition was permanently improved. Although he had not been in the best of health for a couple of weeks, he was apparently in no serious condition on the day of his death, and the end came very suddenly and unexpectedly. The news of his death came as a great shock to his friends in all parts of the State, most of whom did not know that he had again been ill.

Colonel Peirce was a man of strong personality who made friends easily and who held them closely. He had a wide circle of acquaintances all over the State, being almost as well known in Newport and Providence as in his home in Wickford. He was a genial companion, a faithful friend, and a man of unquestioned integrity.

Colonel Peirce was born in 1857, the son of John B. Peirce, who was for many years town clerk of North Kingstown. After obtaining his education at East Greenwich Academy, he was appointed deputy town clerk, and in 1896 succeeded to the office of town clerk, which he had since filled. He had also served for a number of years as clerk of the District Court of that district.

He was well known in Newport, being a member of Washington Commandery, of which he served as Eminent Commander in 1901. He was also a member of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, of this city. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge, Odd Fellows and Red Men in Wickford.

He is survived by a widow who was a daughter of the late Captain Peleg S. Wightman, for many years captain of the Wickford Line steamers, also by two sons and one daughter.

Funeral services were held at his late residence in Wickford on Wednesday, and were attended by a large gathering from all parts of the State, a number going over from Newport. Rev. H. Newman Lawrence, rector of St. Paul's Church, officiated, assisted by Rev. W. H. B. Allen of Narragansett Pier. There was a vast wealth of floral offerings, including a handsome cross from Washington Commandery of this city. In accordance with custom this was deposited upon the casket at the grave by Past Grand Commander John P. Sanborn. The interment was in the Elmgrove Cemetery in Allenton.

The bearers were Messrs. John P. Sanborn, William P. Hambly, Charles A. Stone, Robert F. Rodman, Thomas F. I. McDonnell and Edgar G. Logan.

Among those from Newport who attended the funeral were Robert S. Burlingame, William B. Scott, Thatcher T. Bowler, and Joseph Gibson, all of Washington Commandery.

It will be July before the money will be available for the purchase of Lopez wharf to be added to the Government Landing, as authorized by the last Congress. In the meantime the capacity of the old landing is taxed to the limit, and the War Department has been asked to aid in relieving the congestion there as far as possible, by keeping its launch on the Fort side during the night. The landing is really the property of the Navy, but the army has had the use of a portion of it.

By the will of the late Hugh D. Auchincloss which has been admitted to probate in New York, the bulk of his large estate is left to his wife, Emma B. Auchincloss. There are no public bequests, but a number of old employes are remembered for small amounts. Mr. John Mahan, who has been superintendent of Hammersmith Farm for a number of years, receives a bequest of $1000.

Chapman Snowden, who died at the Newport Hospital last Sunday following an attack of pneumonia, was well known among the colored residents of the city. He was employed for a number of years by the George A. Weaver Company, and when that company went out of business following the fire he secured employment at the Old Colony repair shops. He was ill for only about a week.

Ten years ago last Thursday the riot call was sounded on the fire alarm to prevent the building of a switch on Broadway. There was much excitement at the time, a large force of police being called to the scene, and a large crowd being attracted.

Mr. Vincent Astor is still suffering from a bad throat and will probably be compelled to have his tonsils removed at some time in the not far distant future. This is a minor operation and in the case of a less wealthy man would attract little attention.

Mrs. Stanley C. Hughes has returned from a trip to Europe.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening, with but one absentee. The business transacted was largely of a routine nature. Superintendent Lull's report contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the four weeks ending April 25, 1913, was 8765, the average number belonging 8464.1, the average attending 8212.3, the per cent of attendance 92.9, the cases of tardiness 267, and the cases of dismissal 78. The enrollment in Townsend Industrial School was 1,202.

Board of Health.

Since the last meeting of this board 7 cases of scarlet fever and 6 cases of diphtheria have been reported by the Board of Health. Of the 7 cases of scarlet fever 3, and of the 6 cases of diphtheria 3, were in the public schools—a total of 6 pupils. Fourteen other pupils were excluded.

Census.

On file in this office is a card catalogue of every family in which there is a child of census age—that is, five years to 17 years (both included). Because of work done in this office with these cards of 1912, and also by this office in the schools of the northern half of the city, the total census is 6,284 as compared with 6,126 in 1912—a gain of 158. The census of children 5 to 15 (both inclusive), on which this department receives a state appropriation of 66 cents, four mills and 84 thousandths of a mill, is 4,620, as compared with 4,413 in 1912—a gain of 207. Although the rate is about a half-cent less than last year, the increase in appropriation is $117.59. Last year there was a decrease of $48.79.

Graduations.

It is becoming more and more difficult to secure new voices for the graduating addresses. The audience is more critical, and therefore the task of securing speakers is one of greater responsibility. Your superintendent thinks the result this year will be very satisfactory, for the acting president of Brown University, Professor Walter G. Everett, and the superintendent of schools of Newton, Mass., Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, have been secured.

Financial.

In accordance with the state law the city treasurer credited to this department, on May 1, $467 for poll taxes. He also has deposited to the credit of the Newport School Fund $1095.49 for dog licenses, making a total of $4,631. This amount will be a very timely help when a new school building is furnished.

Oliver Hazard Perry.

In anticipation of a Perry celebration during the first week of school in September, the teachers of grades I, II and III have been provided with a pamphlet relating to the life and career of Oliver Hazard Perry. The teachers of IV, V, VI, VII, VIII and IX have received a copy of "Our Naval Heroes," which includes the material in the pamphlet. Early in this school year the teachers were requested to save everything possible for their scrap books, so that they may easily plan work for their pupils in September.

Rogers High School.

Two members of the typewriting class were of practical assistance in the city clerk's office last week, when extra work for the court was unexpectedly needed at short notice. Principal Thompson was greatly pleased to be able to meet the call for help with such satisfactory results.

Clean Teeth.

Thayer VI has been supplied with a sufficient number of tubes of Colgate's tooth paste for all the class. The teacher also received two large tubes which were used as prizes for the best papers on the care of the teeth. These were won by Isabel Peabody and Louise Mills. In addition, pledges were signed by 29 pupils in which they promise to use daily a brush on their teeth.

The report of truant officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 200; number of cases of truancy (public 17, parochial 8), 25; number out for illness and other causes, 175; number of different children truants, 22; number found not attending school, 2; number of certificates issued (14-15 years), 4; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under factory inspection law 2.

Of 20 cases reported by the census takers, of children not attending school, 8 were found to be under 7 years of age, 4 were attending school, 8 were out for sickness or similar cause, 4 were working under a certificate and 1 was over 15 years of age.

The finance report was presented by Mr. Peckham, and the committee on text books and curriculum, through Miss Hunter, presented two reports. The first recommended several changes in text books, and under the rules will be taken up for consideration at the next meeting.

The second was in regard to the requirements in English at the Rogers High School, and was as follows:

Your committee on text-books and curriculum, to whom was referred at the April meeting a communication from the Rogers in relation to the English requirements of the high school curriculum, report as follows:

While this committee are in sympathy with the tenor of the communication an absolute requirement for necessity of the demand for better results in the work in English, and while they believe that all the teachers of the school must do everything possible to impress on the pupils the imperative need of good English, they do not deem it advisable to make the conditions specified in the communication an absolute requirement for a diploma.

The recommendation was adopted and was ordered transmitted to Head Master Thompson.

MIDDLETOWN.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

In accordance with custom the Paradise Club closed the year with a supper and social on Friday of last week, at the Berkeley Parish House. The attendance, about 75, comprised the members and their families and a few invited guests. The menu was arranged by Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, Mrs. Frank Bennett and Mrs. Alfred Ward. In the evening, Mr. Bennett sang several solos, and Mrs. Emmie Blair Le-Valley gave a reading from "Josiah Allen's Wife." There were also games and dancing, Mrs. John H. Peckham pianist.

The service of dedication of the new organ held on Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Four Corners called out an attendance that nearly rivaled that of the dedication of the new edifice in 1908. The large Sunday School and the adjoining class rooms were filled. Rev. C. E. Delamater of Fall River offered prayer, Rev. W. H. Hatch of Newport conducted the responsive reading, and Rev. Joseph Cooper of Newport read the New Testament Lesson. The sermon was delivered by Rev. H. H. Critchlow of Burnside, Conn., a former pastor who was largely instrumental in building the new church. Following the sermon, Rev. Mr. Wells, the present pastor, spoke appreciatively of the presence of his associate clergymen and of Mrs. Critchlow who had been so earnest a worker for the church. The service closed with prayer and benediction by Rev. John Wadsworth of Portsmouth. Mr. C. LeRoy Grinnell, the organist at St. George's Church, Newport, presided at the organ. Messrs. Walter S. Barker, Chester Brown, Spencer Brown and William Smith, acted as ushers. Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the donor of the organ was unable to be present, but sent eleven dozen carnations from Oakland Farm, which were afterwards sent out to the sick and shut-ins. Mr. T. T. Pitman of Newport, presented a flexible leather covered hymnal for the organ. Mr. Henry Stuart Hendy will be heard here on Monday evening at 8 o'clock in a public recital assisted by Dr. H. H. Luther.

Government flower seeds were distributed last week at all the schools by the Supt., Nathaniel L. Champlin, and were used about the grounds during the Arbor day exercises. Packages of government vegetable seeds have also been left for the children by Mrs. E. A. Peckham of the School Committee.

Tuesday in Whitsun week, May 18, was set apart at Holy Cross Church for the observance of what is known in religious circles as a "Quiet Day." These comprised at 8 and 9.15 two separate observances of the Holy Eucharist, at 10.30 morning prayer and an address; 12 o'clock, intercessions, prayers and informal talk; 3 p. m. prayers and address; and at 4.30 evening prayer. The early celebrations were conducted by the rector, Rev. F. W. Goodman, and the remainder of the services by Rev. H. P. Hall, Superior of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Boston. The theme throughout the day was the fellowship of the Holy Spirit. Those who could, remained throughout the entire set of services. Luncheon was served at the rear by Guild House during which there were religious readings by Rev. Mr. Goodman. The congregation was requested to refrain from conversation as far as possible.

Ice was found Sunday morning and was reported as a quarter of an inch in thickness. A number of the early plants looked drooping and blackened the following morning.

The May meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Church parishes was held Wednesday with Mrs. Charles Weaver. The following delegates were appointed for the quarterly conference: May 29 at Edgewood; Miss Annie Almy, Mrs. J. Alton Barker, Mrs. George W. Thurston and Miss Charlotte Chase. Extracts were read from the "Lady of the Decoration" by Mrs. Weaver, and Mrs. Philip Wilbor presented a prepared paper upon "Saintly Music." A letter from Rev. Mr. Goodman's former Esquimaux interpreter at Tisgara, Alaska, was exhibited and read with much interest. It was dated January 14 and was received by Mr. Goodman April 30.

Newport County Pomona Grange will be guest of Conanicut Grange, Jamestown, at an all day session next Tuesday. Afternoon subject, "Our Domestic Animals, their usefulness and intelligence. Which is the most profitable?" There will be a May basket social.

The Public School Committee will meet Tuesday evening.

By orders of Mayor MacLeod there has been another shifting around of the police beats, some of the day and night men changing places, and practically all of the beats being changed. The police have also been instructed to give a second notice to storekeepers who persist in obstructing the sidewalks, and hereafter any violation will be reported for prosecution.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Burdick and Mr. Asa B. Kennan have returned from their trip to the West. Mr. Kennan spent most of the time in Phenix, Arizona, with Mrs. Kennan, while Mr. and Mrs Burdick continued to the Pacific coast, meeting Mr. Kennan later in Chicago for the trip home.

A monument has been placed over the grave of the late Ida Lewis in the City Cemetery. The monument was the result of a popular subscription started by Miss Jane Dewick, a pupil in the Rogers High School, who was able to raise the $200 necessary.

Rev. George Grenville Merrill was the speaker at the last lecture of the season in the Art Association course. His talk was largely along the line of the desirability of simplicity.

The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

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THE MAN HIGHER UP

How a Blackmailer Was Foiled and a Family Restored

"Go over and see this fellow," said the office manager of the Burns agency to me one day in June, 1910; and he handed me a card on which was written one of the most prominent and powerful names in New York financial circles, and therefore one of the most powerful in all the country. For the purposes of this story the name shall be Handsykes.

"Go over and see Mr. Handsykes," said the manager. "You know who he is?"

"It's Handsykes who sprung the big bank merger, isn't it?" I replied.

"Yes, that's the Handsykes," said the manager. "Remember all the time you're dealing with him that he is the Handsykes. This agency is a pretty powerful proposition in its way, Cornell, but compared to Handsykes we're infants. Don't forget that. You'd better dress accordingly, too. I've picked you for the job because you don't look like a detective when you try to look like a business man. This is a big case, Cornell. It doesn't make any difference what it is, if Handsykes is in it at all it's big."

"What is it?"

"Oh, Handsykes doesn't tell things outside of his private office," was the answer. "He just sends for people, and they come. He sent over for a man. You're the man. And whatever you do, don't forget who the man is."

I went home and put on an outfit of clothing that made me look like a quiet, prosperous business man, and went down to Handsykes' office on Wall street within sight of Trinity church. It is about as easy for the average caller to get past the secretaries in this office as it is for the proverbial camel to pass through the needle's eye, but my card opened the way right through into the great man's sanctum.

I had never seen Handsykes before, and my knowledge of his appearance had been gained from pictures I had seen of him. Now I saw that the pictures which had been printed labeled "Handsykes" were the pictures of another and totally different man. The pictorial Handsykes was lean and austere; Handsykes in real life was round and merry. Afterwards I learned that there never had been a single photograph of the great man, and that the pictures handed out as this were in reality the likeness of an old private secretary.

"Sit down," said Mr. Handsykes. "Have a cigar. Got a match?"

These were the first words that the power that made brokers tremble uttered to me.

When we had got our cigars going well he said:

"Blackmail, my boy, is a dirty, low-down trick."

He smoked comfortably for several minutes.

"I don't mind giving up money," he continued. "I've been doing it all my life. I'm accustomed to it. If anything happens that I want to pay money for, I pay it. If anybody has anything he ought to get money from me for—or can get it from me—he gets it. Otherwise—no."

Still more smoking.

"But blackmail—common, low-down, coarse, hold-up work—that I do not like. How do you feel about it, Mr. Cornell?"

I said, of course, that I thought blackmail was one of the lowest crimes in the calendar.

"Ever get any blackmailers?" asked Handsykes.

I had not.

"Neither have I," said he. "But this time—we'll get 'em!"

He tossed a letter across the desk to me.

"Read that," he said, genially. "I—I won't pay."

The letter was a gem. It ran:

"Dear Sir:

"Allow me to assure you, sir, that this little incident is as distasteful to me as to yourself. Strange as it may seem to you, I am not a person who approaches an act of this kind with anything but a feeling of the greatest compunction. But as you know yourself, Mr. Handsykes, life is made up largely of compromises with our conscience and principles. Circumstances largely dictate our actions. Circumstances at present force me to raise a certain sum of money. Without this sum I am lost socially—aye, even morally. The sum is a large one—$100,000. No assets of mine of a tangible nature possibly could raise this amount. In fact, I have only one asset in this world on which I can hope to raise it. That asset simply consists of the possession of a secret. The secret concerns your son. Do you happen to know, Mr. Handsykes, that for three years, since the failure of the Battery Trust company, your son Clarence has lived under the shadow of a cloud which, should it fall, would cover him instantly with shame and ruin? Yes, even place him in a federal prison? I presume that you do not know this. But I do. I can prove it to you, Mr. Handsykes. And, because circumstances dictate it, the cloud shall fall unless you furnish me this sum of $100,000 necessary to save me from complete ruin.

"I sign my full name and address, knowing well that you dare not make it public, and that you cannot harm me in any way. Awaiting your reply, I am, sir,

"Respectfully yours,
"Walter Mandeville,
"Hotel LeGros, Fifth Ave."

"Whew!" I said when I had read through it. "He's the prince of 'em, whoever he is."

"Isn't he?" said Handsykes, appreciatively.

"Probably crazy?" I suggested.

"Possibly," corrected Handsykes. "And—possibly not."

He sat silent, smoking carefully and looking at the ceiling.

"I—I remember the Battery Trust failure," I said. "There was no mention of any of your family in connection with it. The men involved were—"

"Figureheads," said Handsykes, bluntly. "Clarence was the man behind it. I gave it to him as a Christmas present."

"But—"

"His name did not appear even in the list of directors? I know. The directors were dummies. The officers were employes—Clarence's employes. One of them went to jail for a year. We took care of them all. I don't understand how the facts got out—the facts that this man is hinting at, I mean. We paid enough to keep silence, heaven knows."

"Then it is possible that this man is—"

"Not crazy? Certainly. He's probably got the goods on Clarence. How in heaven he ever knew of the boy's connection with the Battery bank is more than I can see, though. But apparently he does know it. And if he knows that he probably knows the whole story."

"What is the story, Mr. Handsykes?" I asked boldly.

"Oh, Clarence used his little bank in a careless sort of way," he replied frankly. "It's a long story, but I can make it short. Clarence wrecked it to help me put through my merger. Loyal son, Clarence; but careless, very careless."

"Then there is such a cloud as this man speaks of?"

"Certainly. And it isn't too late for it to fall, either. Especially now when the federal attorneys are so active."

I sat back in amazement. I knew something of the crooked ins and outs of Wall street, but that Handsykes would sit and openly admit that his son, the justly celebrated society lion, Clarence Handsykes was walking with potential disgrace always on his shoulders, was a shock. Handsykes continued to smoke, not in the least disturbed by the thoughts that must have been running through his mind.

"I would pay this man without a murmur," said he, "but if you pay once, you've got to keep on paying. I sent for you to help me shut him up without paying."

I picked up the letter and looked at it.

"Do you happen to know anything about the man?" I asked.

"Oh, certainly," said Handsykes. "He's a good friend of Clarence's. They were in Yale together."

"What?" I cried. "It isn't the rich young Mandeville, is it?"

"Of course," was the calm answer. "Who did you think it was? There's his name, as plain as can be: Walter Mandeville. I believe the boy is telling the truth; he needs $100,000, and this is the only way in the world that he knows how to get it. I suppose he has become involved in some way and is desperate."

"I should think he would have gone to Clarence," I suggested.

"No; that wouldn't have been ethical. He and Clarence are friends. He is Clarence's best friend, really. He and I are not friends. He likes Clarence and wouldn't harm him for the world. He doesn't like me, and wouldn't give a damn no matter what happened—to me. You see, he isn't willing to take a cent from Clarence, but he would like to gouge me for $100,000, and do it without the slightest feeling of compunction. I can understand the young man's feelings—but I don't pay one cent."

"Then the case, so far as I am concerned," said I, "is to render Mr. Mandeville harmless without stirring up any trouble or paying him any blackmail?"

"Just that," said Handsykes. "Your job is to bury Mandeville's desire to blackmail me—and bury it so deep it will never come to life."

"Good enough," I said, rising. "Have you any suggestions to make?"

"None," said he, "except that the Handsykes interests can raise more money than anybody in New York except Morgan—if necessary."

Then he smiled and bowed me out.

Here was as delicate a task as ever I had faced. The name of Handsykes must be protected beyond all else. As it stood now, it was a power in New York finance because of its reputation for absolute integrity. Let the Battery Trust scandal become known, and that power would be gone, or greatly diminished. And Mr. Walter Mandeville had the power to make this known, and was apparently determined to use it. And my job was to make this impossible. Delicate! If Mandeville even so much as got a suspicion that he was being shadowed he would as likely as not spill the eggs.

My first move was to discover all that I could concerning the young man in question. I found that he was one of a type quite common in New York, but rare in other parts of the country—the young man who has squandered every cent of his fortune, but who manages to keep up appearances, no one knows how. Mandeville had run through several hundred thousands of dollars—all the way through. It was common knowledge that he was dead broke, yet he was living in a suite at the LeGros hotel in a manner that no small income could have supported. He went around in his accustomed circle and among his old acquaintances apparently the same as ever. His fortune was gone, and everybody knew it, but he certainly did manage to keep up his end in great fashion. He must be getting money in some way. I reasoned that it might be a good thing first of all to find out how he was getting it.

I went up to the LeGros hotel and engaged a suite of rooms as near to Mandeville's as I could and began to make myself part of the hotel's barroom and club life. I reasoned that Mandeville would be the sort of a young man who would be found wasting his time in the way so popular among certain hotel dwellers of Manhattan, and I was not mistaken. He spent little time in his rooms. When he wasn't in the barroom he was playing poker in one of the many high-staked games that always run in this hotel, or was dining and wining somebody in one of the restaurants, or in some other fashion spending money and time in a perfectly useless fashion. I began to ape his ways and soon Mr. Mandeville and myself were on fairly good terms. That is, we offered one another drinks whenever we met, and he invited me upstairs to be trimmed by the same gang of poker sharps that had been getting his money for the last month. In spite of the man's absolute uselessness it was impossible not to like him. The more I studied him the less could I fancy him coldbloodedly proposing to ruin a bosom friend in order to get even so large a sum as $100,000.

"Mandeville isn't the evil genius in this proposition," was my decision after associating with him for a week. "There is somebody else who is driving him to it."

There was nothing about the young fellow that made any other theory possible. He was too careless, and too honorable, in an easy-going sort of way, to rob a friend to satisfy his own needs. I could picture him becoming a hobo and a bum through careless habits; and I believe he would have done that before he would go to the length of blackmail.

I began to look for another party to the job. This made the task all the more delicate, because the more people to know Clarence Handsykes' secret connection with the Battery Trust the more danger was there that the secret would become public property.

I went down to Handsykes' office at the end of ten days' association with Mandeville.

"Mr. Handsykes," I said, "will you give me a list of the names of the men who knew of Clarence's little affair with the Battery Trust?"

"Certainly," said he. "Here they are: Dawson, the president; James, the first vice-president, and old Davis, the cashier. Davis served a year in jail; he's an old retainer of the family, as you might put it. The other two have had their mouths stopped with a wad of bills large enough to keep even Wall street financiers silent."

"Is there any one else who might by any chance know of this affair?"

"None."

"Then one of these gentlemen is behind young Mandeville's artistic letter," said I. "Mandeville hasn't the heart to hurt a flea. He would rather starve than steal a cent—for himself. Are these other men friends of yours, Mr. Handsykes?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because it's probably one of them that we will have to put the screws on."

"They are all friends of mine," said he. "The best friends in the world. And the tighter you put the screws on, Cornell, the better I'll be pleased—no matter how dear the friend. Is that quite clear?"

"Thank you," I said.

"And I don't care how you get the screws on, either," said he, as he bowed me out.

A few days' work on the part of other men of the agency showed me that of the trio in question Davis was in England, James in a sanitarium in South Carolina, and Dawson living in retirement in his country home up the Hudson. So I began to watch Walter Mandeville again. By watching him, I don't mean that I watched only his person; I watched everything that might concern him or his affairs, including everybody that called on him, every letter or note that he received, every telephone call that he answered. Naturally I didn't do all this myself, but from the minute this espionage was established I knew what Mandeville was doing about as well as he knew himself. He didn't move without my knowing where or why. Therefore when he made a hurried trip to Dawson's place up the river it wasn't remarkable that I knew he did it in answer to a peremptory call from Dawson. And Dawson's telephone call didn't surprise me, either; for I had been looking up Mr. Dawson.

Mandeville went up on the New York Central to New Rochelle, where an automobile was waiting for him. Dawson wasn't in the automobile at the station; he stopped it and got in when the car had gone out of town about five miles. You see, Cluffer, my partner, had taken the place of Dawson's regular chauffeur, who had been taken suddenly ill two days previous—after Cluffer had shown him a roll of bills. So Cluffer got all that passed between Dawson and Mandeville on the road up to the Dawson house. And that was enough to give me the lead I sought to work on.

"Well," Dawson said as he climbed in, "have you heard from the old goat?"

"No," said Mandeville. "Not a word."

"Well," continued Dawson, angrily, "you write him another letter tonight and give him just another week to come across. If he doesn't give up you give the story to the public."

"But, Dawson," protested Mandeville; at which Dawson said: "Either that or—you know what happens. You will never, never know where your wife is living."

Mandeville almost choked at this. "Great heavens, Dawson," he pleaded, "how can a human being have such a stone for a heart as you have? You know that there is just one thing in this world that makes me want to live: that's to see my wife and son just once more—just once. And you happen to have found where they are living—"

"And hidden so that you never will find them," sneered Dawson. "She left you because of your drinking at college, Mandeville. She thinks you're still the half-crazy booze-fighter you were then. She's bringing the boy up to forget you. She's afraid you'll turn up—as you used to be."

"And you know that I'm decent now; that I'd be a man if I could find them and work for them, and you won't tell me," said Mandeville. "I ought to kill you, Dawson."

"Then you never would find them, would you, Manville?" laughed the old man. "No; you know the only way to get in touch with them is to get this $100,000 for me that I need to keep myself from disgrace. And that's to be got through Handsykes—the old brute. Well, you'll get it for me, don't fear, my boy. I know old Handsykes; he'll give it to you."

"But he wouldn't give it to you, would he?" asked Mandeville. "He'd have you killed first, wouldn't he, Dawson?"

Dawson paled a little at this, Cluffer told me later. He was watching them in the mirror in front of him.

"Well," said Dawson, "you'll get me that money—or you'll never see your wife."

That was the story that I got from Cluffer that evening. By piecing it out with what I learned from Mandeville's friends I found that the young fellow had married a poor girl while he was at college, that she had left him because of his habits, that he had been decent for five years, trying to find the wife and boy, and then had got careless through losing hope. Dawson's hold on him was the strongest in the world; it was the only thing that would have made him do what he was doing. It was his only hold on life; it was life itself to him, this hope that some day he would see his family.

I thought the thing over for a long time. I knew it would be next to an impossible task to find the woman. Dawson wouldn't have left any loose threads by which she might be traced. I knew of no way in which Dawson might be scared off the job. I thought of Handsykes. It was best to go before him and tell him all that I knew.

I did. He listened, and as he heard of Dawson's perfidy his face changed as I never had seen a face change before. All the geniality—almost all the civilization—left it. I wouldn't have liked to meet him as an enemy at that moment.

"All right, Cornell," he said. "You've done a good job. Now you come with me and we'll go up the river and meet Mr. Dawson."

I shall never forget that ride up to Dawson's home. We went in Handsykes' big touring car with the curtains pulled down and the electric lights turned on. He never spoke a word during the whole trip. He just sat and looked straight ahead of him with that ugly, set expression on his face, and no more movement about him that a graven image. When we got into the open country past New Rochelle he ordered the curtains pulled up and the lights turned off. We were near Dawson's home then. When we rolled up the driveway and stopped Handsykes said gruffly: "Follow me," and entered the house.

He seemed perfectly at home.

"Send for Dawson," he said to the butler. We went into a reception room and waited, standing.

Dawson came in and found himself face to face with Handsykes, whose expression had not changed. For several seconds, long ugly seconds, they faced one another, and Dawson wilted like a boy before an angry parent.

"You curl" said Handsykes in a whisper. "So it is you, is it? It's you who made the Mandeville boy write that letter?"

Dawson never spoke a word. His head hung down on his chest and his under lip was trembling.

"Dawson," came Handsykes' voice, more like a rasp from some mechanical instrument than a human voice.

"Yes, sir," said Dawson, coming to life. "Yes, sir."

"Go abroad, Dawson," hissed Handsykes. "Hide yourself away where you can't be found. If you're within finding distance in another week, Dawson, I'll—"

"Yes, sir," whimpered Dawson, trembling. "I'll go, Mr. Handsykes; you'll never hear of me again as long as I live."

"Or after," said Handsykes.

"Or after," repeated Dawson, quite humbly.

And that was all I had to do with

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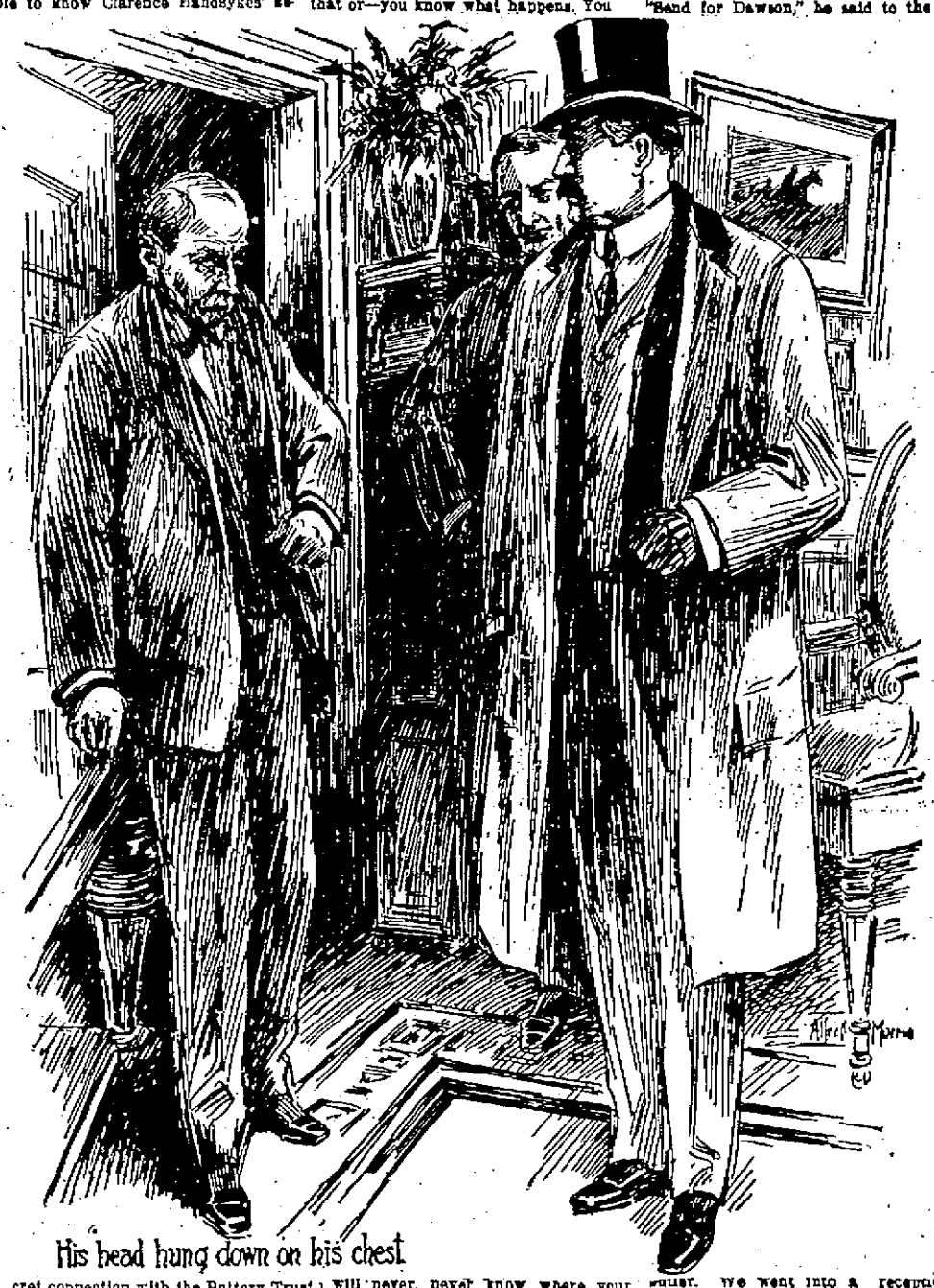

His head hung down on his chest

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4.05 p. m.	11.00 p. m.	10.02 a. m.	3.55 p. m.
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Time Table in Effect March 2, 1913.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.05, 7.15, 8.15 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.11, 11.02 a. m., 3.05, 5.05, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 8.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.05, 7.15, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.05, 7.15, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.50, 8.15, a. m., 12.13, 3.05, 4.18 p. m.

Hyannis—6.50, a. m., 12.13, 3.05, 4.18 p. m.

Provincetown—6.50 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

Plymouth—11.00 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

New Bedford—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.05, 7.15, 9.13 p. m.

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Bay State Street Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

In effect September 8, 1912.

Subject to change without notice.

C. L. BISBEE, Superintendent, Vernon Avenue, Newport.

Telephone, Newport 169.

CARS LEAVE NEWPORT CITY HALL for Fall River, City Hall (1 hr. 30 min.), via Middletown (20 min.), Portsmouth (40 min.) Island Park (57 min.), Stone Bridge (55 min.), Tiverton (60 min.), *6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, a. m., 12.10, 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50 p. m. Return, lv. Fall River City Hall, *6.40, *7.20, 8.00, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50 a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.20 p. m. Return, lv. Stone Bridge, *6.45, 8.20, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.05, 11.45 a. m., 12.25, 1.05, 1.45, 2.25, 3.05, 3.45, 4.25, 5.05, 5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.00, 11.50 p. m.

CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR Beach (12 min.), *6.40, *6.55, *7.10, 7.25, every 15 min. to 10.40 a. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.50, *7.05, *7.20, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Hill Corner (10 min.), *6.45, *6.50, 7.05,* every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Morton Park (12 min.), *6.10, *6.26, 6.40 every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILL CORNER FOR Beach (22 min.) *6.30, *6.45, *7.00, 7.15, every 15 min. to 10.30 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52.* (Change at Franklin Street).

Morton Park (22 min.), *6.00, *6.15, 6.30, every 15 min. to 11.00 p. m. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

* Note—*Does not run on Sunday.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

the Handsykes blackmail case. I never found out what Handsykes would say to Dawson—what he would have done if he saw him again.

"Don't worry about it," said the office manager. "I told you Handsykes was a name to remember. And Dawson knew it better than I did."

"But how could Handsykes place such a secret in my hands so carelessly?" I asked. "How did he know I might not use it some time?"

"Try it," grinned the manager. "You saw what happened to Dawson."

Later on I happened to do another small job for Handsykes. I met Mr. Mandeville in the office. He was one of Handsykes' trusted men. And he had his family back in New York with him.

"How in the world can that man Handsykes do these things?" I asked the manager after this visit.

"I do not know," said he. "Nobody does, I guess. That's what makes him Handsykes."

I was rather proud of my work.

FLED FROM PRESENT DANGER

So Many "Don'ts" to Observe That Unfortunate Man Gave Up the Game.

It is good to have the official assurance that there is no danger to health in using public telephones. For my part, I never thought there was in point of fact, I never thought about it at all. Life is too short for all these precautions.

I knew a man some years ago who was haunted by the idea that some thing of an unpleasant nature would some day happen to him. He was so anxious to stave off the unknown event that he had a list of precautions printed, framed, and hung up in his bedroom.

When he left home he took this ornament with him. I can't remember many of the maxims, but here are a few:

Never ride in a cab. The cushions are full of germs.

Never eat a tomato. You may get cancer.

Never eat an oyster. You may get typhoid fever.

Never run for a train. You may die of heart disease.

Never smoke. You may get smoker's heart.

Never drink milk. You may get consumption.

Never drink port. You may get gout.

Never eat veal. You may get indigestion.

Never walk under a ladder. Something may fall on you.

Never leave off your thick clothes until July. You may get pneumonia.

Never read in bed. You may injure your eyesight.

That man got paler and paler and thinner and thinner. It the end his list of rules literally worried him to death. The dangers of living were so numerous that the poor fellow committed suicide.—Sketch.

Almost the Same.

It was a local concert, and all the swells of the neighborhood had turned out. The second "turn" was Mr. Pipeclay Cramon, and he had a large number of songs for the edification of the company. But that was not all. Mr. Cramon was also of ample proportions.

"My dear," exclaimed one "fashionable" to her friend, "hasn't Mr. Pipeclay Cramon an extensive repertory?"

"Well, I shouldn't like to say that," said her friend, "but he certainly is getting rather fat!"

Assigning the Cause.

"What an extraordinary curve your horse has in the spine," said a gentleman to an Irish farmer. "Can you account for it?" "By the powers, sir, and to be sure I am able. I have heard, sir, that before the beast was my property he was backed against another horse, your honor, who beat him hollow, and I daresay it's the reason that his back never got straight again."

Simple Things Best.

To retain youth you must cultivate and preserve your power to enjoy simple things. As our forms of pleasure become complex and expensive the soul becomes stiff and cramped. To love simple food and drink, simple methods of play, simple speech, and, above all, the manifest simplicities of nature, makes red blood. Resist the inroads of pessimism. It means the twilight of the soul and the empty night.—Frank Crane.

German East Africa.

The territory known as German East Africa borders on the Indian Ocean between 5 degrees and 11 degrees south latitude and extends into the interior of Africa as far as Lake Tanganyika. It is about 700 miles long and 600 miles wide, and embraces an area of approximately 384,000 square miles, equivalent to the combined area of Texas and New Mexico.

Never Opened Stolen Letters.

Arthur Wheeler, a postman, was at Aldershot recently, charged with stealing 376 letters, post cards, and packets at Farnborough. Packets of letters were found in his kitchen, bedroom and coal cellar and in his clothing, but there was no evidence of the letters, some of which bore dates of more than three years old, having been tampered with.—London Mail.

Superfluous Labor Counts.

The men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary, who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but who have sought additional knowledge and stored it away for the emergency reserve. It is the superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts in life.

Puttin' Skids Under Slang.

"Yes, I've cut out out' the slang stuff," Nell was telling her latest "gentleman friend."

"Gee, but my talking was getting fierce. I'd worked up a lot o' table material that had George Ade backed off the map and guessin' for wind, but I've ditched all that now. I seen it was to me to switch onto another track.

"Jammed on my emergency brakes one day and says to myself, 'You mutt, where do you think you'll wind up if you don't slough this rough gaff you're shovin' across on your unsuspected friends? You never will land a Johnny-boy that's got enough gray matter in his cupola to want a real, hang up, dossy lady for his kiddo instead of a skirt that palavers like a brain-storm with a busted steerin' gear. Any girl can talk like a lady, even if she never gets closer to one than to stretch her neck when some swell dame buzzes past in her gas wagon.

"I says to yours truly, 'It's to reformate your grammar, little sister, and you betcher sweet life I've cut the mustard.'"—Hartford Times.

He Why wouldn't you see me yesterday when I called?

She I was ill.

He But I saw you sitting at the window sewing.

She Er—well—I was on the mend.—Boston Transcript.

"Tell me dear, is it because you think me very pretty that you look at me all the time?"

"Oh, no, it isn't that; but papa says you are a two-faced woman and so I am searching for the other one."—London Opinion.

Gabe Jones has a wonderful constitution, hasn't he?

Steve Should say so. Why he can read a whole patent medicine almanac and feel perfectly sound.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Howard Why do you term your wife an angel?

Coward Because she's always ready to fly, she's continually harping and she hasn't an earthly thing to wear.—Life.

"Hey, waiter," yelled the man, "take this darn cheese away."

"What is the matter with it?" asked the waiter.

"It is eating my bread," replied the man.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"Jasper says there is only one thing that keeps him from retiring to a farm."

"And what is that?"

"He hasn't a farm."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Cause of So Many Necks Being Broke.

In a certain Virginia school for negroes the lyceum was debating the question, "Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished." Bill Basey was arguing the affirmative. After an impassioned plea this was his clincher: "And lastly, Mr. President, I hold dat capital punishment should be abolished for dis reason, namely, dat it have been de cause of so many necks being broke."

Mixed Telegram.

Mr. McC., a young man in a college town who was an interesting combination of scientific and musical accomplishments, had a young lady friend in Chicago who was soon to be married. The day before the wedding her organist was suddenly taken very ill, and she telegraphed to Mr. McC.: "Shall be married at noon tomorrow. Will you play for us." When the telegram reached him it read: "Shall be married at noon tomorrow. Will you pray for us?"

Antidote for Carbolic Acid.

The best antidote for carbolic acid poisoning is flour and water. If nothing better is at hand drink a little plain water to weaken the acid, or still better, drink soapsuds if obtainable. If flour is not handy, use magnesia, chalk, soda, lime, whiting or new soap, or knock a piece of plaster from the wall, scrape off the white outside coat of lime, pound it fine, mix with milk or water, and drink at once. Follow with warm water or flaxseed tea. Of course, call a physician at the earliest possible moment.

Epigram of Talleyrand.

The duchess of Lauraguais, who was somewhat given to making poetry, could not think of a word to rhyme with coiffe. Turning to Talleyrand, who chanced to be by her side, she said: "Prince, give me a rhyme to coiffe." "Impossible, duchess," replied Talleyrand, without a moment's delay; "for that which pertains to the head of a woman has neither rhyme nor reason."

Arsenic That We Eat.

It is known that arsenic exists normally in the tissues of the human body without doing harm. It is a constituent of peas, almonds and beans. Fresh lettuce, though rich in water compared with almonds and beans, reveals scarcely less arsenic. The foodstuffs poorest in arsenic are the banana, chestnut and leek.—Harper's Weekly.

Altered the Case.

In one revue I caricatured a famous dancer. A little while after, while abroad, I was told that the husband of the lady was looking for me with a big stick. A few weeks later I returned to London. I met the husband, who shook me warmly by the hand and thanked me effusively for the skit on his wife. They had quarreled in the interval.—George Grossmith in The Tatler.

Tenacity.

"Speaking of having a tooth pulled," observed the philosopher, "that is one instance where a man is bound to stay and see the thing out."

Rather Ambiguous.

Mother (admonishing)—"Don't let the men come too near you when courting." Daughter—"Charles and I have a chair between us."—Judge.

Elliptical Language.

"I see where the firm of Hook & Took are about going up." "Yes, they are fast going under."

TELLING STORY OF THE EMPTY SLEEVE ON MEMORIAL DAY

DATA OF CIVIL WAR

Notable Facts to Be Remembered About the Conflict.

By COL. W. J. HANDY, Second Michigan Infantry.

The demand for the surrender of Fort Sumter was made by Gen. Beauregard at 2 o'clock p. m., April 11, 1861, and being promptly declined by Maj. Anderson, at 4:30 o'clock p. m., April 12, the bombardment began and continued until April 14, when Maj. Anderson was permitted to evacuate the fort, which he did by saluting his flag with fifty guns, and marching out with colors flying and drums beating, carrying away all company property.

April 15, President Lincoln made the first call for militia to the number of 75,000, for three months, "to repossess the forts, places and property which have been seized from the union." Under the call 91,816 responded. May 3 another call was made, this time for 500,000. Under the call there were enlisted 2,175 men for six months, 9,147 for one year, 30,950 for two years, 657,868 for three years.

July 2, 1862, a call was made for 300,000, and there were furnished by states and territories 421,465 for three years.

August 4, 1862, a call for 300,000 militia, for nine months, was made. Under this call 87,588 men were furnished.

June 15, 1863, a call was made for militia for six months' service and 16,361 were furnished.

October 17, 1863, and in February, 1864, calls were made for 500,000 more for three years. These were furnished, including those raised by the draft, 369,380, under this call.

Under the call of March 14, 1864, for 200,000 men for three years, there were credited to states and territories, including drafted men, 292,193.

July 18, 1864, there was a call for 500,000. After allowing excess credits on previous calls, this resulted in securing 236,461 men.

The last call for 300,000 furnished 212,312.

The aggregate of all calls for men, reduced to a three-year standard, was 2,320,272. During the draft period 86,724 men paid commutation amounting to $300 each for release. This amount was used for bounty money.

The total number of colored troops enlisted during the war was 186,097.

The Fire Zouaves raised by Col. E. E. Ellsworth in New York were the only regiment enlisting for "the war," with no more definite term of service stated.

The state of Kansas has the credit of raising, May 3, 1863, the first regiment of colored troops.

The first action between the Union and Confederate troops in the field occurred at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., June 1, 1861, with the following losses: Union, killed 1, wounded 4; Confederate, killed 1, wounded 14.

The last action between Union forces and Confederates occurred at Columbus, Ga., April 16, 1865. Union, killed 13, wounded 53; Confederate loss not recorded.

Following were the losses in ten principal battles:

First Bull Run, Virginia, July 21, 1861—Union, killed, 470; wounded, 1,071; captured and missing, 1,793. Confederate, killed, 387; wounded, 1,582; captured and missing, 13.

Shiloh, Tennessee, April 6-7, 1862—Union, killed, 1,754; wounded, 8,408; missing, 2,885. Confederate, killed, 1,723; wounded, 8,012; missing, 959.

Fair Oaks, Virginia, May 31, 1862—Union, killed, 790; wounded, 3,594; missing, 647. Confederate, killed, 980; wounded, 4,749; missing, 405.

Seven Days' Battles, June 25-July 1, 1862—Union, killed, 1,734; wounded, 8,062; missing, 6,053. Confederate, killed, 3,478; wounded, 16,261; missing, 875.

Manassas campaign, August 16-31, 1862—Union, killed, 1,747; wounded, 8,452; missing, 4,263. Confederate, killed, 1,481; wounded, 7,627; missing, 89.

Antietam, Maryland, September 17, 1862—Union, killed, 2,108; wounded, 9,543; missing, 753. Confederate, killed, 1,886; wounded, 9,348; missing, 1,367.

Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862—Union, killed, 1,284; wounded, 9,600; missing, 1,769. Confederate, killed, 596; wounded, 1,068; missing, 651.

Stone River, Tennessee, December 31, 1862—Union, killed, 1,730; wounded, 7,802; missing, 3,717. Confederate, killed, 1,294; wounded, 7,945; missing, 1,027.

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 1-3, 1862—Union, killed 3,080; wounded, 14,457; missing, 23,001. Confederate, killed, 2,592; wounded, 12,706; missing, 20,448.

Wilderness, Virginia, May 4-6, 1864—Union, killed, 2,246; wounded, 12,037; missing, 3,383. Confederate figures not recorded.

Losses of Union troops: Total killed in action, 61,362; died of wounds, 34,773; died of disease, 183,287.

One in every 65 was killed in action.
One in every 58 died of wounds.
One in every 13 died of disease.
One in every 15 was captured.

Undiscoverable Keyhole.

Was the man who invented the invisible aeroplane the same pest who foisted upon a convivial civilization the undiscoverable keyhole?—Boston Globe.

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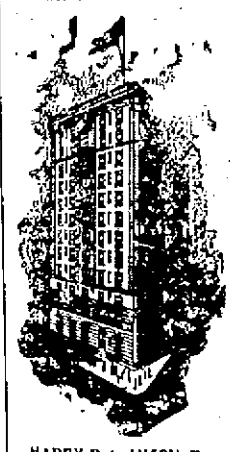

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Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anæmia, Malnutrition, etc.

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In sleeplessness it ensures quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf,
Newport R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered,

36 bushels,	$3.50
18 bushels,	$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 35c. a bushel, $18 for 100 bushels.
Common, 20c. a bushel, $8 for 100 bushels.

Orders left at the Gas Office, 184 Thames Street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, May 17, 1913.

Providence is greatly agitated over the quality of its milk. Investigations are going on at a lively rate.

As was generally expected the New Haven road has reduced the dividend on its stock from 8 to 6 per cent.

President Wilson proposes that the navy shall keep still till Japan is pacified. There will therefore be no naval manoeuvres at present. Well, as long as the fleet lies in our harbor the blue jackets will be satisfied.

Gov. Johnson tells Secretary Bryan that he will sign the alien land bill, despite the Presidents objections. At the same time he claims to violate no treaty, and he further claims that Japan herself has similar laws.

The war "scare" in this city last Friday night was one of the most foolish episodes that it is possible to imagine. When war is declared between this and any other nation the people will have a long time to contemplate the action before it takes place.

Secretary of State Bryan says that the day of the boss in politics is over, and yet there is but one greater or more arbitrary boss in the country today than this same Bryan. His only superior in the line of bosship is the distinguished ex-President, Theodore Roosevelt. The Ex. and the wants-to-be are the two leading bosses at large today.

The six Democratic senators who went to the White House to plead for a duty on sugar and wool heard a prolonged free-trade address from the President and had little opportunity to speak themselves. But as senators they will have an unlimited right to the floor. And it is hoped that they will join with their Republican Colleagues, in asserting their rights to show the harmfulness of free trade.

Notwithstanding California's somewhat rabid action there will be no war between Japan and the United States. Guv. Johnson of California is a rabid Roosevelt follower and perhaps like his great political model he is aching for a row with somebody. Still we have faith to believe that there are cool heads and sensible people enough in both countries to stay the disasters of war, and conclude that prosperity can only exist through perpetual peace between the two nations.

The Democratic free trade bill which passed the house so easily will have a hard time in the senate. The Republicans have given notice that they shall insist upon a deliberate discussion on every paragraph of the bill. This will take months and it is very certain that it will be late in the summer, perhaps early fall, before the bill reaches the President. Perhaps when it does reach him he will require an introduction to it, in order to know that it is the famous Underwood bill that the house adopted months before.

The New York American says the governors of all the New England states, except Connecticut, will request an early conference with President Wilson and Attorney-General McReynolds to determine the least harmful method of reorganizing the New York, New Haven & Hartford. The demand will be made that every official who has been connected with alleged "high finance" be prosecuted. All of which if correct is a piece of buncomb on the part of the New England governors. The have got no more to do with the matter than have any ordinary people. Let the railroads alone. They have been hampered enough.

The President has turned down Judge Brown of this State who was a candidate for the U. S. District Court judgeship and appointed Judge Bingham of New Hampshire for the place. The jurisdiction of this court extends over Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. This appointment is a disappointment to the many friends of Judge Brown in this state, as he was long since selected as the logical successor to Judge, now U. S. Senator Colt. Judge Brown is a lifelong Democrat, and his appointment was urged by both the Democrat and Republican members of Congress from this state. The appointment of Judge Bingham is a victory for the new Democratic Senator from New Hampshire.

A year or two ago when an amendment to the milk law was under consideration, the most active speaker before the Legislative committee was Milk Inspector Scott of Providence. At that time all the "Holier than thou" people of Providence commended him in unqualified terms as the greatest milk inspector in the country and condemned anybody who disagreed with him as an abandoned rascal. Now the Journal and all its satellites are condemning him in unmeasured terms. We know nothing of the merits of the case, but we do not believe that Scott was an angel two years ago and a devil now. It simply shows how certain circles in Providence apparently luxuriate in waves of hysteria. It is not an isolated example. The Grand Trunk farce showed the same thing.

A Powerful Object Lesson.

After the war maneuvers are over in Newport waters the secretary of the navy has planned to send the entire fleet to Europe on a three months' cruise. This will be not only a holiday excursion but will be of great benefit to the rank and file of the navy.

It will give the enlisted men an opportunity to see a great part of the most interesting section of the world, for shore leave is promised to all of them at Europe's principal ports, and the officers of the fleet will gain a technical knowledge of seamanship in its larger operations such as could not be obtained from its maneuvers in these waters. At least twenty-one battle ships will participate in it, and it will be the largest gathering of American war vessels of the first class which the world has seen, surpassing even that demonstration by President Roosevelt five years ago.

Aside from these educational advantages which the cruise will bring it may arouse a public spirit among the members of Secretary Daniels' party sufficient to induce its members in Congress to give the navy fair treatment. While every other great power in the world is using its best efforts to strengthen its fighting forces on the sea, our own country is showing an indifference which may cost us heavily some day. A few years ago we stood next to Great Britain in naval strength, but the refusal to order an adequate number of vessels each year to be constructed has caused us to drop below at least two of the nations—France and Germany—which we led at that time. Unless our Congress changes its course we are destined to drop still farther in the next few years.

This new Japanese trouble shows us some of the perils which continually confront us on the sea. While the California antialien issue is not likely to lead to war with Japan, it is one of those irritating things which give comfort to our country's enemies. Japan is a proud, sensitive nation, and its sudden attack on Russia in 1904 shows that it strikes without warning when it thinks there is sufficient provocation to strike. On paper our navy exceeds Japan's in number of fighting ships of the first and second classes, but that country has the advantage of having practically all of hers in the Pacific, where the principal part of the fighting would take place, if any should come, while most of ours are on the Atlantic. On the Pacific we would be outclassed from the start. All of us remember the slow progress of the battleship Oregon from the big Western to the Eastern sea in the Spanish war. Several months will pass before any vessels can go through the Panama Canal. Perhaps a year will elapse before it would be safe to send any of our big battleships through that waterway into the Pacific. During most of that time Japan would have practically a free hand against our feeble squadron in Pacific waters. Possibly the spectacle of twenty-one American battle ships cruising in European waters, and arousing the plaudits of Old World experts, might kindle enough pride among Secretary Daniels' party in Congress to induce it to raise the fighting force of our sea warriors to the strength which the length of the country's coast line and the amount of the country's commerce demand.

After Mellen's Scalp.

The following article from the New Haven Times-Leader contains much truth that the public will do well to consider.

"For reasons that almost everybody understands certain men of Boston and newspapers there and in Providence are after President Mellen's scalp—they want to drive him out of the New England railroad business.

"There are not many people who believe that this raid upon the New Haven road was instigated by men inspired by desire to serve public interests—most people are perfectly satisfied that the motive behind the raid is a motive of selfishness—a motive that has its inspiration in greed to possess that which other men now own and control.

"In due time the secrets in respect to men and motives will doubtless be more completely revealed, meantime the interests of all New Haven road stockholders demand that the directors and backers of the New Haven road stand by Mr. Mellen—they also demand that Mr. Mellen stick and fight this fight to a finish. He is under fire all along the line—he is being shot at from behind and in the face—he is being hounded day and night, but the faith of most of his stockholders in respect to his fidelity and conscientious purpose, his devotion to their interests and the best interests of all New England is unshaken—the accuracy of his foresight and the wisdom of his management is being assailed, But his friends are going to stand by him and they believe that in the end he will win if all who ought to back him continue to back him to the finish."

What Will They Have to Say?

Secretary Redfield, who rejoices in the assurance that the Tariff is to be revised downward, takes no stock in the claim that a reduced Tariff will lower the cost of living, and he warns consumers not to expect that it will do so. Should Mr. Redfield's forecast prove correct what will Wilson and Bryan and other Democrats who have so persistently proclaimed the Tariff to be the mother of high prices have to say for themselves?—Jersey City Journal.

What the U. S. Has Done.

Much more might be written than has yet appeared on the achievements of the Medical Department of the United States Army in bringing about healthful conditions in the Panama zone, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The success of what was undertaken there depended largely on the engineering and medical organization and training in the army, and the full story of how it was accomplished will be an important contribution to modern scientific literature. As capable a people as the French failed in an attempt to build the Panama Canal after spending nearly $300,000,000, and they never mastered the problems of sanitation. Under the direction of Col. Goethals the completion of the work is expected for a total outlay of $375,000,000. What the French had done was of little advantage to us. It was our methods that made the zone healthful, and our engineering and labor system that pushed through the colossal undertaking.

An encyclopedic work published in 1898 states that plant and works at Panama had "gone to utter decay and ruin." It looked that way at the time, and it also seemed that fifty years might pass before the United States would take up the interoceanic waterway seriously and perform the vast work required. The question was open if the most carefully laid plans would not miscarry again. Under the trained men of the army the canal is so well advanced that a ship is expected to pass through next fall, and the official opening is set for January 1, 1915. A trained soldiery is more concerned with preserving peace, with justice, than in making aggressive war. It is an indispensable safeguard in maintaining public order when ordinary civil restraints fail. Under its supervision a great isthmian canal may be dug and sanitation lifted to a new level. Honor to whom honor is due for such beneficent achievements.

The colored Congregational churches of New England and vicinity will unite in an informal conference to be held in this city of Friday, May 23rd, to observe and commemorate "Fifty Years on Freedom." An excellent programme has been arranged and it is expected that the attendance will be large.

Uncle Sam is daily called upon to take care of a lot of refugees from various points in Mexico, and the treatment they receive is quite different from that accorded to the Americans who are attempting to reside in the so called Mexican Republic.

Vice President Marshall continues to be a silent man except when he feels it to be desirable to explain an explanation. He had better keep quiet. Every time he opens his mouth he lets forth a flood of socialistic doctrine that does not sound well in this latitude.

One or two Newporters seem to have been caught in the manipulations of C. Edward Barney in the real estate business in Providence. There were not many local people who had money invested with him however.

Mr. Otto James, who has been organist at St. John's Church for about four years, is to remove to Toronto in about a month to preside over the organ in one of the largest churches in that city.

The rain of Friday did a lot of good to the grass and vegetation generally, and now things are looking about as fine as can be imagined. It has been quite dry for the past month and the rain was really needed.

A dispatch from Japan says that three new dreadnaughts of 30,000 tons each will be authorized at once by the Japanese Government. Peace congresses must admit that there is more armament, not less.

Many of the summer residents are already at their Newport cottages for the summer, and the season promises to open earlier than usual.

President Wilson's declaration that he proposed to remedy all Tariff evils without disturbing the manufacturer or wage earner, or the business of the country, may have been sincere enough, but Mr. Wilson has no practical knowledge of the intricate system involved in creating, maintaining and successfully conducting those branches of industry which he proposed to put in competition with other nations. He, like nearly all others who view from without rather than from within, failed to realize that in nine-tenths of all our industries, three-fourths of the total cost of production goes to labor.—Beaver Falls (Pa.) Review.

A British statistician says of the Wilson Tariff bill that it will "tremendously augment" British trade in this country, and "considerably reduce" the cost of living here. By finding the money difference between "tremendously" and "considerably" one may know just how much we will lose by it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Breeding Reservation For Birds

Washington, May 15.—President Wilson, by executive order, has set apart a large tract of land in Arkansas for use by the department of agriculture as a resort and a breeding ground for native birds.

Commerce Post For Thurman

Washington, May 13.—The senate judiciary committee ordered a favorably report on the nomination of Allen L. Thurman of Ohio to be solicitor of the department of commerce.

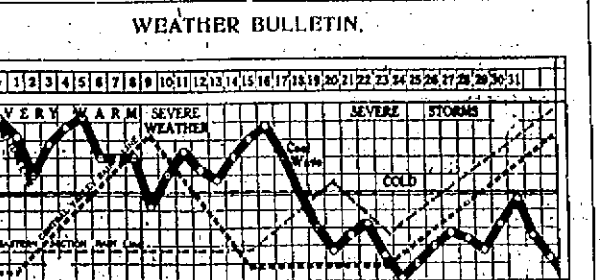
Jockey Dies of Injuries

Baltimore, May 16.—Jockey James Benschotten, injured during the running of the Linstead Steeplechase at Pimlico, died here.

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works.—Cervantes.

PACKED ONLY IN AIRTIGHT TINS
DRINK LIPTON'S TEA
A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT

WEATHER BULLETIN.



May temperature will average about normal. Normal means the average of many years for the month and place, and normal temperatures and rain constitutes the best cropweather. May will bring a drouth to large sections of this continent. Most rain in northeastern states, east Golf coast and southern plains states, immediately east of Rockies. Not as good cropweather as in April. Dangerous storms May 21 to June 8. Most rain in great central valleys week centering on May 9 and in eastern sections 18 to 31.

In above chart the trends line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above trebel line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below trebel line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., May 15, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent May 20 to 24, warm wave 19 to 23, cool wave 23 to 26. The week centering on the day this disturbance reaches your longitude will average cooler than usual and the cool wave following it will carry frosts farther south than usual. It will also inaugurate a ten days period in which some dangerous storms are expected. We have not yet worked out a method of locating these dangerous storms but we are making experiments based on the daily weather records covering 80 years and we are encouraged with the progress and will begin to suggest the locations of severe storms and heavy rains in a general way. But our readers must not hold us strictly responsible till we get a little more experience. We have been locating the monthly rainfall results fairly well, perhaps making 75 to 80 per cent. good, but to locate a dangerous storm and the rainfall of every storm wave that crosses the continent are altogether more difficult problems; but we believe it can be accomplished.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 24, cross Pacific slope by close of 25, great central valleys 26 to 28, eastern sections 29. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 24, great central valleys 26, eastern sections 28. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 27, great central valleys 29, eastern sections 31.

The week of this disturbance centering on the day it passes your vicinity will average cooler than usual and the cool wave preceding will probably cause frosts in northern sections farther south than usual. Less than usual rain is expected in a general way but near meridian 80, a line running north and south a little west of Toronto and Buffalo, the rainfall will probably be about or a little above normal.

This disturbance, crossing continent 25 to 29 will cause severe storms but not so severe as in previous months. Indications seem to say that this storm wave will be most severe on meridian 80, explained above, not far from May 28 and that the path of the storm will lie over or near the great lakes. But there are also indications that the greatest force of this great storm period May 21 to 31, will affect the sections of the Philippines and meridian 25, that part of the Atlantic west of Spain and Great Britain. As we are not sure of the location of these severe storms all should use care and keep out of danger.

We are expecting dry weather in large sections of the country east of Rockies. Our calculations were that rain would fall following Aug. 3 and that oats, wheat and cotton would be injured by dry weather before June 15.

Our readers and newspapers must permit us to blow our own horn occasionally. Wagner & Co., the large grain merchants of Chicago, publish a daily grain letter and in their issue of May 3 occurs the following:—

"That greatest of all weather wizards—Foster—is on time with his end of April and May 1 to 8 'warmer' spell prediction. Foster has consulted the Crystal Sphere and declares May will bring thirsty weather in extensive grain raising sections. His wonderful prediction of 1911 prior to the drouth of July still underprops him in the grain hall of fame."

WHILE ROCKING HER BABY

Woman Shot by Rejected Suitor, Who Ends His Own Life.

Worcester, Mass., May 16.—While Mrs. May Buxton sat in the dining room of her Lane Terrace home last night, rocking her 2-year-old baby girl, William G. Bemis entered the room and fired three shots at the woman, all of which entered her body and probably will cause her death.

He then turned the gun upon Mrs. Frank A. Robbins, mother of Mrs. Buxton. The cartridge failed to explode, and as Mrs. Robbins rushed from the room with the baby, Bemis put a bullet through his own heart.

Bemis, who deserted his wife and two children ten years ago, has lived at the Buxton home for three years. Mrs. Buxton is a divorcee. Bemis was deeply in love with the woman, it is said, and it was her refusal to listen to his pleadings that caused the shooting.

AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS

Bank Director Begins Serving a Two-Year Term in Prison

Asheville, N. C., May 15.—Joseph E. Dickerson, director of the defunct First National bank of this city, who, with W. E. Breese, the president, was found guilty of conspiracy in connection with the failure of the bank seventeen years ago and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, was formally sentenced and taken to Atlanta yesterday afternoon.

Breese, who also had been ordered to report for sentence, was not in court. His bond was forfeited and a capias issued for him.

The case of these men has been in the courts for sixteen years and the supreme court, to which it was finally carried, confirmed the judgment of the lower courts.

Contractor Stannard Owes $812,000

New York, May 12.—Ambrose B. Stannard, a contractor erecting postoffices and federal buildings in various parts of the country, has gone into bankruptcy with debts of $812,000 and assets of $171,000.

Daring Stunt For "Movies"

Seabright, N. J., May 16.—With a girl on his back and his motorcycle going sixty-five miles an hour, Rodman Law shot through an open draw into the river for the "movies."

Two Vacations.

Joe had not seen Bill for a long time. "Hello, Bill!" he said. "Still working, I see."

"Yes, Joe, but I am getting a little wabbly. I've had only two vacations in thirty-seven years. Joe, once to undergo a surgical operation and the other time in order to buy a lot in the cemetery."—Indianapolis News.

Doing Full Justice.

A lawsuit was recently in full swing, and during its progress a witness was cross-examined as to the habits and character of the defendant.

"Has Mr. M—— a reputation for being abnormally lazy?" asked counsel, briskly.

"Well, sir, it's this way"——

"Will you kindly answer the question asked?" struck in the irascible lawyer.

"Well sir, I was going to say it's this way: I don't want to do the gentleman in question an injustice. And I won't go so far as to say, sir, that he's lazy, exactly, but, if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his food—why, he'd die from lack of nourishment, sir."—Answers.

"Did you struggle when he tried to kiss you?"

"No, mamma."

"But why did you not?"

"Why, mamma, you ought to know from his appearance that he isn't very strong."—Houston Post.

Weekly Almanac.

MAY 1913. STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Morn	Water Eve
17 Sat	4 22	7 01	2 33	4 58	5 17
18 Sun	4 21	7 02	3 02	5 47	6 06
19 Mon	4 20	7 03	3 30	6 35	6 50
20 Tues	4 19	7 04	rises	7 22	7 38
21 Wed	4 18	7 05	9 51	8 09	8 27
22 Thur	4 17	7 06	10 18	9 00	9 15
23 Fri	4 17	7 07	10 50	9 51	10 60

New Moon, 6th day, 5h, 24., morning
First Quarter, 13th day, 6h, 45m., morning
Full Moon, 20nd day 2h 18m., morning
Last Quarter, 27th day 7h 04m., evening

Deaths.

In this city, 11th inst., Chapman N. Snowden.

In this city, 13th inst., Mary, wife of Elias Haltub.

In this city, 13th inst., William Doyle, aged 24 years.

In this city, 16th inst., Catherine, widow of the late Dennis J. Sullivan.

In Wickford, 10th inst., Thomas J. Peirce, in his 67th year.

In East Providence, 13th inst., Mary J., widow of Mumford H. Bicknell, in her 89th year.

In Apponaug, 13th inst., Susan Abbie, wife of Gardiner B. Slocum, in her 72th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT

32 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R.I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 185 He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

NAVY TRAITOR WILL BE FOUND

Daniels Orders That He Must Be Located Without Fail

THEFT OF BATTLESHIP PLANS

Government Secrets of Navy In Possession of Whoever Has Them, as the Pennsylvania Was Planned to Be Last Word in Naval Construction—Officials Greatly Disturbed

Washington, May 15.—Despite the best efforts of picked secret service operatives, not a single trace has been found of the thief who, on March 4, stole the plans of the new battleship Pennsylvania from the navy department. The government officials are far more troubled than they care to admit over this fact. Because of the nature of the thefts it is feared they are the work of an insider. The result is an uncomfortable feeling of suspicion among persons within the department who might have access to the plans.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels has ordered that the thief is to be located without fail. No trouble or expense is to be spared. The fact that the innermost secrets of the navy may be at the mercy of a traitor has exercised the officials as they have not been in many years. Detectives are at work inside and outside of the great building, and there is a confident feeling that the thief or thieves will eventually be discovered.

The theory most popular with the detectives is that the plans were stolen by someone who believed he might be able to sell them later. Reasoning along these lines, the operatives say the thief probably still has the plans and they will be able to recover them.

They are watching certain persons in this and other cities who have a reputation for trafficking in military and naval plans, and there is a possibility that this espionage will bring results.

Despite the fact that the navy department claims the plans stolen would be of no benefit to anyone, persons familiar with the case say this is an exaggeration. They point to the fact that it is admitted the electric wiring was indicated and say that this probably means that the secret of the fire control system is in the possession of whoever has the plans.

Extraordinary precautions have been taken by the officials not alone of the navy, but of the army, since the discovery that there are thieves in the big building. Only persons who belong there are permitted in the various offices, and there has been instituted an elaborate system of checking, whereby every person handling plans of any kind, or material documents, has to account for them on a permanent record.

The very fact that the plans stolen are of the greatest warship planned by the government, the one intended to be the last word in naval construction, is admittedly a real cause for alarm, and there will be no relief until they are recovered.

THAW ON WITNESS STAND

Says Head of Matteawan Asylum First Suggested Bribe Offer

New York, May 16.—Dr. John W. Russell, former superintendent of the Matteawan state hospital for the criminal insane, first made the suggestion to Harry K. Thaw that he could be released by the payment of a large sum, Thaw testified at the bribery trial of John N. Anhut here.

Anhut, an attorney, is charged with offering Russell a bribe of $20,000 for an order or certificate which would result in freeing Thaw from further confinement in the asylum.

Thaw, who was brought from Matteawan, was the first witness in the case. He was subjected to a rigid examination and as rigorously cross examined by counsel for Anhut.

TIRED OF LIVING AT 102

Landlady of Despondent Old Man Checks His Attempt at Suicide

Lawrence, Mass., May 16.—The oldest person who ever attempted suicide in Massachusetts is Louis Yasse, a Russian, 102 years old, who failed to cut his years short by taking Paris green.

Yasse was discovered by his landlady, Mrs. Morris Studwig, in the act of swallowing the poison in his room.

Dashing the powder from the old man's hand the woman forced him to drink some milk, which probably saved his life, as he had already taken some of the poison. This and the prompt service of a physician brought him out of danger.

When he learned that he would live Yasse was very bitter. "I have five daughters," he said, "and they have all gone back on me."

WILL EXONERATE O'HARA

Illinois Senators Find Charges Against Him Are Not True

Springfield, Ills., May 16.—The special committee of the Illinois senate investigating charges against Lieutenant Governor O'Hara has prepared a report to be presented to the senate next week. It will report that the charges against O'Hara were without foundation.

The committee ended its investigation by hearing Thomas Vredenburgh, a Springfield millionaire, who said he knew O'Hara was not guilty of any immorality implied in the affidavit signed by Maude Robinson.

MILITANT ACTS CREATING FEAR

Army Assistance May Be Invoked to Curb Suffragettes

LONDON FOLICE OVERWORKED

Difficulty of Coping With Women's Antics Is Increasing—Suffragettes in Procession Roughly Handled by Antis—Crimes Committed by Militants Inscribed in "Roll of Honor".

London, May 16.—Aroused by the extraordinary antics of the militant suffragettes in the last two days, Home Secretary McKenna is seriously considering invoking the assistance of the army in curbing the bashi-bazoukeeses. It was learned that the home office has under advisement a plan to put London partially under martial law.

The constantly widening area of the activities of the suffragettes has put the police under a strain that Scotland Yard is hard pressed to meet.

More than 500 plain clothes detectives from the Yard are now directly concerned with the militancy campaign. They are protecting the public buildings, guarding cabinet ministers, shadowing suspected suffragettes and tracing runaway ticket-of-leave prisoners.

Henry C. Bennett, the magistrate at Bow street police court who is conducting the hearing of the charge against the militant suffragette leaders of conspiracy under the malicious damage to property act, is the latest public man for whose protection against outrage detectives have been assigned by Scotland Yard, as threats have been uttered against him.

The police yesterday arrested several of the women responsible for the riot at Hastings, where suffragettes were roughly handled by a band of anti-suffragists. The authorities announced an auction sale of the property of two militant suffragettes, who refused to pay taxes to the "man-government."

The suffragette sympathizers organized a demonstration and at the hour appointed for the auction paraded the streets with a band and carriages. Anti-suffragist women and men stormed the procession, overcame the police and pelted the militants with eggs, flour and soot. Finally, one carriage was overturned, and several women were injured.

The American colony expressed indignation at the destruction of the Penn church organ in Buckinghamshire. Militants set fire to the organ. The blaze was extinguished before it damaged the church, but the ancient organ was ruined. Penn church is a place much visited by Americans because of its connection with William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania.

The militant suffragette "roll of honor" entitled the "crimes record book" created profound interest when it was produced at Bow street police court during proceedings yesterday against the suffragette leaders.

Particulars of 1400 convictions for suffragette outrages in which 456 persons were concerned were entered in the list exhibited, which was accompanied by receipts for money paid to some of the perpetrators.

The defendants were held for trial at Old Bailey on charges of conspiracy. The women are accused of inciting to malicious destruction of property.

CONVICT SHOT TO DEATH

First Execution Under New Nevada Capital Punishment Law

Reno, Nev., May 15.—The first legal shooting in the history of this state took place in Nevada state prison when Andrew Mircovich was shot to death.

The new capital punishment law of Nevada provides the alternative of hanging or shooting, at the option of the condemned.

Three guards, selected by lot from a hat, fired rifles, one being blank. Mircovich was a physical and mental wreck. The warden was swamped with requests for admission to witness the shooting.

BUT ONE AGAINST IT

Senate Committee Reports Favorably on Woman Suffrage

Washington, May 15.—Senator Chamberlain's resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution to give the ballot to women was ordered favorably reported by the senate woman suffrage committee. Senator Catron, Republican, cast the only vote against it.

When the resolution is reported by Chairman Thomas within a few days, an effort will be made to have it taken up during the present session, if tariff legislation does not interfere.

RESIGNS POST IN TURKEY

Lowthers' American Wife Has Aided Him In Field of Diplomacy

Constantinople, May 16.—Sir Gerard A. Lowther, British ambassador to Turkey, has resigned his post because of ill-health.

Sir Gerard's helpful and tactful American wife assisted him greatly to rise in his country's diplomatic service. He was secretary to the British embassy at Washington when, at Newport, he met Miss Alice Blight of Philadelphia. They were married in London in 1905.

A Joke on Historians

Newton, N. J., May 13.—As the Sussex County Historical society prepared to announce a skeleton was that of an Indian, boys admitted they took it from a doctor's attic and "planted" it.

STILWELL HELD IN $5000

Senator Indicted in Bribe Case After Exoneration by Colleagues

New York, May 13.—State Senator Stephen J. Stilwell, indicted by the grand jury for bribery on charges preferred by George A. Kendall, president of the New York Bank Note company, on which charges he was exonerated by the state senate, surrendered to District Attorney Whitman late yesterday afternoon.

New York, May 14.—Stephen J. Stilwell, state senator from the Bronx, pleaded not guilty to an indictment charging him with bribery, and petitioned the court, on the plea of poverty, to assign a lawyer to defend him. Patrick Butler went the senator's $5000 bail.

HAS FOUND HIMSELF AFTER MANY YEARS

Accident Restores Memory to a Wealthy Land Owner

Warren, Pa., May 16.—Disappearing twelve years ago, while suffering from mental trouble, John Oliver of Chicago, a wealthy owner of land in West Virginia and Pennsylvania, regained his memory after meeting with an accident in a sand plant at Torpedo, near here. He is in a hospital here awaiting the arrival of a brother from Chicago.

Oliver said he owned 120 building lots near Wheeling and that he had valuable mineral land in the vicinity of Lancaster, Pa. A telegram sent to his brother in Chicago by the county commissioner brought a prompt reply and confirmation of the man's story.

ACTED WITHIN HIS RIGHTS

Guard Who Shot and Killed Striker Is Vindicated by Court

Milford, Mass., May 15.—Edgar A. Sherman, the special police officer who shot and killed Emilio Baccacchicchi on April 24, was acting within his rights, according to Judge Cook.

The shooting occurred during a clash between police and strikers of the Draper mills. As a result of the judge's finding it is feared there will be further trouble here.

The strikers claimed the man was shot down while endeavoring to escape during a clash between a squad of police and strikers.

COLLISION IN MID-AIR

Aviator Is Instantly Killed and Two Others Are Injured

Johannisthal, Ger., May 15.—A biplane piloted by Captain Zucker and carrying a pupil named Dietrich as a passenger came into collision here with a monoplane at an altitude of sixty feet.

Zucker was instantly killed, Dietrich was badly injured and the two men in the monoplane were slightly injured.

Hub Stock Brokers Fail

Boston, May 16.—Thomas H. Perkins & Co., stock brokers, made an assignment yesterday. The liabilities amount to $200,000, it is estimated, and the assets are from $100,000 to $120,000. Neil A. Divver and Michael A. O'Neil are the members of the firm.

Once Noted Man Dies in Poverty

Los Angeles, Cal., May 16.—John J. Gosper, aged 71, former territorial governor of Arizona, once secretary of state of Nebraska, and veteran of the Civil war, died in poverty here, a ward of the county.

Aged Wife Beater Goes to Prison

New York, May 13.—Edward Holahan, 82 years old, was sent to the penitentiary yesterday afternoon for six months for beating his wife.

Westfield Wants to Become City

Westfield, Mass., May 16.—Westfield, the second largest town in the state, voted at a special town meeting to seek incorporation as a city.

NO "WHITE SLAVE" LIMIT

Alien Women May Be Deported Any Time After Their Arrival

Washington, May 14.—The government's contention that it has the right, under the act of March 26, 1910, to deport undesirable alien women "any time" after found practising questionable pursuits, was upheld by the supreme court in the case of Helena Bugajewitz of Denver.

Attorneys for the woman contended that the three-year limitation on this right to deport, found in the act of Feb. 20, 1907, still existed.

AUTOMOBILE UPSETS

Connecticut Lawyer and His Wife Are Instantly Killed

Bradford, Conn., May 12.—Donald G. Perkins, a lawyer of Norwich, and his wife were instantly killed in the overturning of their automobile, near the Bradford Driving park. Two other occupants of the machine were slightly injured.

The accident happened at the foot of a sharp grade in the highway and was due, probably, to defective steering gear.

Flagler Reported Near Death

Jacksonville, Fla., May 16.—The death of Henry M. Flagler, the southern hotel and railroad magnate, is momentarily expected, according to a statement attributed to President Parrott of the Florida East Coast railroad.

Professor Benton Gets Divorce

Hartford, May 16.—Professor Cranston Benton of Trinity college was granted an absolute divorce and given the custody of his 6-year-old son. The decree is granted on statutory grounds.

CHINDA SHOWS SOME ANXIETY

Wants to Know When Johnson Is Expected to Act

FURTHER PROTEST EXPECTED

Cabinet Will Discuss California Alien Law Bill and Framing of Reply to Japan's Original Protest—Tokio Expects Permanent and Satisfactory Settlement of the Difficulty

Washington, May 16.—Further representations from the Japanese government in support of its protest against the California land legislation were forecasted when Viscount Chinda, after being informally notified of Governor Johnson's intention to sign the land bill, called twice at the state department to inquire when the governor probably would act.

After the ambassador's first visit, Acting Secretary Moore spent half an hour discussing the situation with President Wilson. It is understood, however, that Moore was able to throw but little light upon Johnson's intentions when he saw the ambassador later.

Viscount Chinda's calls gave rise to the impression in official circles that Japan is not inclined to delay pushing her protest and that another formal communication probably will be forthcoming as soon as the California bill is actually signed.

Meanwhile President Wilson in a preliminary way, at least, has been discussing the course to pursue in framing a reply to the original protest. This subject will come before the cabinet meeting today, but the answer may not be immediate, unless the Japanese government is insistent. On the contrary, it is known the president is disposed to proceed with as much deliberation as diplomatic usage will permit.

It has developed that the Japanese government has not suggested the invocation of The Hague tribunal as a means of settling the issue, whence the conclusion is drawn here that Japan does not by any means regard the resources of diplomacy as having been exhausted to the point where arbitration is the only resort.

Press dispatches from Tokio conveying the opinion of high Japanese officials that a permanent and satisfactory settlement of the difficulty is confidently expected in that capital, were welcomed in official circles here.

This was taken to mean that the negotiations are at least assured of peaceful and orderly progression and that there is little likelihood of an evolution of feeling that might result in a rupture of diplomatic relations.

President Wilson has arranged to confer with Secretary Bryan before the cabinet meeting to draft a reply to the formal protest by Japan. The note will be submitted to the cabinet and then delivered to the Japanese ambassador.

CAPTAIN SAVES HIS CREW

Sticks to Wheel Amid Flames, His Boat Being Totally Destroyed

Kineo, Me., May 14.—Sticking to his post in the wheelhouse Captain Robinson piloted the burning steamer Katahdin from the middle of Moosehead lake to the shore near East Outlet, saving the lives of ten men of the crew.

The Katahdin caught fire while towing a raft of logs. Her upper works were soon a mass of flames, which drove the crew to the bow of the craft. All on board managed to reach shore in safety. The steamer was burned to the water's edge.

RESPONSIBILITY DIVIDED

Mine Foreman and Mining Laws Are Blamed For Ninety-Six Deaths

Monongahela, Pa., May 15.—The coroner's jury, investigating the cause of the explosion in the Cincinnati mine, in which ninety-six men lost their lives April 23, returned a verdict placing responsibility for the disaster on the mine foreman and the moral responsibility on the mining laws.

The jury recommended enactment of more stringent state laws covering mines.

Lawrence Strikers Lose

Lawrence, Mass., May 16.—The strike of local coal handlers and teamsters for a wage increase of 25 cents a day, which began May 5, was called off by the strikers, who returned to work at the old scale.

Schooner Siezed as Poacher

Vancouver, B. C., May 15.—Siezed for poaching in Canadian waters, the American halibut schooner Vallant, Captain Courage, of Seattle, was towed into Vancouver harbor by a government patrol boat.

"Five Cents" Not Plain Enough

Washington, May 14.—Secretary McAdoo has ordered the new "Buffalo" nickel withdrawn, because the words "Five Cents" are too faintly outlined.

MEAT FROM AUSTRALIA

Heavy Imports at San Francisco Cause Big Drop in Prices

San Francisco, May 16.—More than 600,000 pounds of beef and mutton, shipped from Australia, arrived in this port yesterday afternoon, and hundreds of families expected to lay in a supply of meats to last several days at greatly reduced prices.

Such a large shipment always causes a reduction of from 2 to 4 cents a pound on meats for family and restaurant buyers.

WELLS FOUND NOT GUILTY

Jury Decides He Did Not Kill His Son by Use of Poison

St. Albans, Vt., May 16.—Julian Wells of Swanton was found not guilty of the murer by poison of his 6-year-old son, Louis. The jury was out seventeen hours.

Wells believed he was free until Judge Miles told him he was still in custody. Miles announced later that the indictment charging the murder of Wells' daughter had been quashed, and Wells was discharged from custody.

The children died Dec. 4 and an examination of the stomachs showed the presence of poison. Mrs. Wells appeared as a witness against her husband, testifying that he begged her to commit suicide and so save him from suspicion.

Doubt is expressed that Mrs. Wells will ever be brought to trial. It is believed the indictments against her will be nol-prossed.

QUITS THE FLYING GAME

Beachey Will Not Enter Airship Even at "Point of a Revolver"

San Francisco, May 13.—Lincoln Beachey, aviator, will never fly again, according to his statement at the Olympic club.

"You could not make me enter an aeroplane at the point of a revolver," he solemnly asserted. "I'm done."

"They call me the master birdman, but there was just one thing which drew crowds to my exhibitions—a morbid desire to see something happen. They all predicted I would be killed and none wanted to miss getting in on it. They paid to see me die. The odds were always against my life."

Beachey read a roster of twenty-four aviators who have been killed when flying and said he had been blamed for the death of two of his pupils.

DUKE AND DUCHESS AGREE TO SEPARATE

No Divorce, but Westminster Pays Wife $100,000 a Year

London, May 16.—The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have signed a formal deed of separation. She is to receive $100,000 a year from him. She has taken a house in a London suburb.

Their intimates say the duke tried hard to persuade his wife to divorce him, but she refused. Her mother, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, strongly supported her in this determination. The duke denies now that he ever intended to bring a divorce suit.

JOB FOR AN EXPERT

Shoe and Leather Industry to Be Thoroughly Investigated

Washington, May 16.—Thorough investigation of the shoe and leather industry in the United States, in comparison with similar industries in European countries, is to be undertaken at once by the department of commerce.

The inquiry will be made by Arthur B. Butman, a commercial agent of the department, who has just returned to this country after two years spent in Europe, investigating the principal shoe and leather manufacturing plants of various foreign countries.

In addition to looking into the industries in the manufacturing centres of New England, Butman also will visit New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and other large cities.

Manuel to Wed in Castle

Berlin, May 12.—The marriage of former King Manuel of Portugal to Princess Augusta Victoria will take place in September in the picturesque old castle at Zigmaringen.

Flagler in Critical Condition

West Palm Beach, Fla., May 15.—Reports from the bedside of Henry M. Flagler say the capitalist is unable to take nourishment.

SKIN TROUBLE ON HANDS, ARMS, LEGS

And Feet. Some on Body. Formed Dry Scabs. When He Scratched Water Would Come Out. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Stopped the Itching and Cured Him.

173 Paris St., East Boston, Mass.—"I have a little boy eight years old who had sores on his hands, arms, legs, feet, and some on his body. They formed dry scabs. I had him treated and it looked worse; it was spreading. In the night he scratched so much that in the morning he was all blood and his bed also was a mess with blood and scabs. When he scratched the sores, matter and water would come out from them. I bought a box of ———, and that did not do any good, and I was discouraged. My aunt said to me, 'Why don't you try Cuticura Ointment and Soap?' She said it would stop that itch and give it a chance to heal. The next day I got a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap. "I gave him a good bath with the Cuticura Soap and put the Cuticura Ointment on him all over where the sores were. He slept that night all night. I only had to use two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap and he was all cured and has never had sores since." (Signed) Mrs. John J. Girrior, Jan. 20, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

☞Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

How to Save More Money.

It is an admitted fact that most everyone could save more money if he determines to do so. Instead of purchasing many luxuries or trifles which are of little material benefit, it is a wise plan to deposit your funds in the Bank and soon you will have a good accumulation of dollars to your credit.

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Money deposited on or before the 15th of May, draws interest from the 1st of May.

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And additional facilities are necessary for the community growth.

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BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD — MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD

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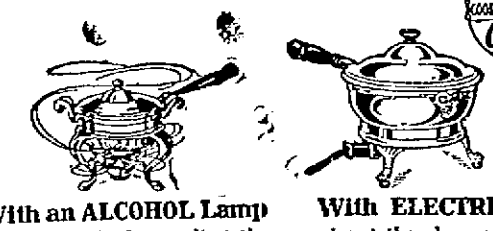

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With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch.
When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Flowers, for the soldier dead today,
The lilac's purple plumes
From old New England's gardens sweet,
Where late the springtime blooms,
All jeweled with the morning dew
Or heavy with the rain,
For him who wore a coat of blue
When numbered with the slain.

Flowers for the heroes laid to rest,
From Dixie's heart aglow
With golden summer's burning suns,
Magnolia buds of snow,
To whisper to the dust below
In uniform of gray,
A message from the mocking-bird
That sings so far away.

Flowers for the nation's true and brave
The gallant souls that bore
The stars and stripes to victory
Upon a foreign shore;
For them the red and fragrant rose
Of all the blossoms queen,
And from the west a spray of pine
To keep their memories green.

Flowers for the Union's cherished dead,
And over them unfurled
The glorious flag of liberty,
The fairest in the world,
For peace has turned to spades and hoes
The bayonets and guns,
And North and South as brothers, meet
Beside their buried sons.
—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR FLAG

Margaret E. Sangster.

THE flag itself is only a bit of bunting or a bit of silk. In what it stands for, what it covers and what it means to our country it is more precious than mines of gold and silver, and rivals the steadfast stars of heaven in its brilliant galaxy. Originally our flag floated over a few struggling colonies newly federated into states of a union. The daring courage of the men who lived under the flag when first the United States were separated by a stubborn and successfully fought war, from the motherland across the sea, awakens our enthusiasm when we look back on the historic page. This country was destined to grow as rapidly as Jack's famous beanstalk, with an immense territory stretching north, south, east and west. With inexhaustible resources of the soil, and ores of price in the caverns underground, its wealth was assured from the beginning. Small wonder it is that the nations of the globe have turned to it with eager longing, and that vast tides of immigration have continually swept upon our shores.

ONE stands at the entrance of a seaport and gazes at peasant folk carrying their small household gear in bundles and bags, and watches them as they take a train that shall carry them to a distant point where their life on the continent shall commence. In three generations the children of the immigrant shall be in the forefront of American civilization. Thus it has been in the past, and thus it shall be in the future. This great country means home under a free flag with thousands and tens of thousands who are crowded out by poverty and want from the older lands. The flag as the children in the public schools daily salute it is the pledge and symbol of room to grow, of health and hope, education and plenty.

YEARS hurried on through varying scenes, and in a comparatively short space of the nation's existence it was all too frequently engaged in conflict. The children in school studying American history learn that we had a war in 1812, another in 1848, and yet another, this time between ourselves, in 1861. Our Civil war continuing during four stirring and memorable years resulted practically in the firmer welding of the nation. The men who wore the blue of the federal army and those who wore the gray of the Confederate service were led on either side by officers who had been trained at West Point. When the war was over, the men who had faced each other in battle dropped their enmity and became friends.

MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, a beautiful and gifted southern woman who made New York her home after the Civil war, said in one of her books, "We came into the arms of the enemy, and the enemy received us with love." Her husband had fought throughout the war on the side of the south.

Memorial day, at first observed in only a few of our states, is today almost universally celebrated. There are few veterans on either side remaining to march in the ranks, for death has been busy and the old soldiers are passing away. There are already veterans of our later war, that Spanish-American flurry that came up like a gale from the south, raged like a hurricane, was soon over and left the nation richer in territory and stronger in position in the councils of the world.

WE deprecate war and grieve for the losses it makes, the mourning it causes and the blood that flows on fields of carnage. Yet, when all is said, war is sometimes a blessing in the end, clearing the atmosphere and making broad and stable the way of peace. Mars is always more heroic than Mammon. The women of our country should be in favor of peace, and throw the weight of their influence into the scale in its behalf, yet peace at any price is not what we should crave. Peace at the sacrifice of principle and the desecration of conscience may be bought too dearly.

We scatter flowers on the graves of our heroes on Memorial day, decorating impartially the mounds of friend and foe. In the field of the grounded arms all sleep peacefully and, therefore, all are friends. Whoever has visited a national cemetery and, north or south, has seen the inscription "Unknown" on many a stone, must have felt a heartache at the thought of the men who never returned to their dear ones. How the wives and mothers and children watched and waited, hoping against hope as time went slowly by, that some day there would be a remembered voice at the door, a remembered step, a bronzed and weary soldier, coming home at last. They never came home, these unknown men, and when they were laid away in the grave all that any could tell concerning their careers was that they had died for their country. This was true, whether they fought under one flag or another, if they were honest and patriotic and willing to die for what they held most dear.

Nature sympathizes with our effort to decorate the soldiers' graves. Her grass is green above them and her wild flowers are countless in the latter days of May; the gardens are a-bloom with the rose and everywhere we see color and brightness and beauty broad-spread as if the angels of light and love were invisibly busy to help the children of men.

This is a beautiful country in which we live. Our relations with the motherland across the sea are reciprocal and intimate, and children are no longer by way of exhibiting resentment against England when they read the story of 1776. George Washington is forever a name to conjure, because in the Hall of Fame no name is whiter than his. We claim all that England holds most precious as our own. Her literature, her laurels and her glory are part of our inheritance. The great authors belong to us as to her and her traditions have entered into our national life

Visitor (to Facetious Farmer) I'd like to know why on earth you call that white pig ink?

Facetious Farmer Because he's always running for the pen."—Town Topics.

She You won her hand, then?

He Um—I presume so. I'm under her thumb.

"Why does that darned old hen always want to roost on a letter box?"

She was hatched from a parcel post egg."

"This piece of lace on my dress is over 50 years old."

"It's beautiful. Did you make it yourself?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The PHANTOM ARMIES

by T. C. HARBAUGH

No drum-beats in the valley
And no bugles on the hill,
Where the summer breezes dally
All the battle plain is still;
When the stars come out at even
Far above the glist'ning dew,
There's a phantom flag in heaven,
There are armies in the blue.

Comes to them a call to duty
From the phantom camps of yore,
Where the roses in their beauty
Deck the far-off river's shore;
Do they dream of comrades sleeping
Where the winds are wild and free—
Where the Rapidan is sweeping
And where lisps the Tennessee?

O, the pity and the splendor
Of the thinned, immortal lines!
Soon the Union's last defender
Will be camping 'neath the pines;
Where no hand heart ties can sever,
And the shadows long are thrown,
Where the drum is hushed forever,
And no bugle blast is blown.

They are marching yet in glory
Where Potomac's waters shine,
And the old camps tell the story
Of the heroes of the line;
By the peaceful winding river
Spectral sentries watch the foe,
And their challenge sounds forever
In the Land of Long Ago.

See! A line of Blue is marching,
There's a drum-call in the street,
And the heavens, overarching,
Seem the veterans to greet;
They are marching slowly, slowly,
As the flowers to them nod,
And their remnant grows more holy
As the years pass on to God.

From out the dim, dead distance
Charge the squadrons, Blue and Gray,
There is none to make resistance,
For they vanish like the spray;
Not a cry, no word is spoken,
Ghostly banners catch the breeze,
And the silence is unbroken
'Mong the tall and somber trees.

COUNTRY WILL NEVER FORGET

No Possibility That Memorial Day Can Ever Lose Its Great and Holy Significance.

It has often been said that with the passing of the soldiers of the great war between the states Decoration Day would gradually die out. Predictions have been made that the day would lose its significance and its hold upon the American people and finally disappear from the list of holidays.

The argument is specious, but it will not hold good in the test of experience. The day set apart for honoring the dead heroes of the nation has too strong a hold upon the heart and conscience and imagination of the country. It meets too natural a need.

A people freed by war and saved for freedom by another long and terrible struggle can never cease to feel the claim of fighting patriots to especial honor, however far their deeds of daring and sacrifice may drift into the past. Americans are not of the mettle to give up holidays founded upon the most heroic phases of their national life.

The day will change, no doubt, in the feeling of the country. It has changed already. It is more a time of glorying in the deeds it stands for and less of the old, deep sense of direct loss in the cutting short of many fine lives. The heartache is passing away, but the pride and the loyalty remain.

That side of Decoration Day can never die. It is bound up forever with the fate of the republic.

Has Faith Been Kept?

Have we kept faith with the men who gave their lives for that flag and for the ideals its inspiring folds symbolize? Have we kept undefiled our pledge to the heroic dead?

These are questions which must come to us this year as we place our tributes upon the silent but vocative graves of the men of '61. Let our prayer be that we may measure up to their high standard of patriotic sacrifice and duty in order that the torch of liberty may be passed on to our children undimmed.—Exchange.

"Look here, now, Harold," said a father to his little son, who was naughty, "if you don't say your prayers you won't go to heaven."

"I don't want to go to heaven," sobbed the boy. "I want to go with you and mother."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Wife Notice that third chorus girl in the first row. She used to go to school with me. Poor thing! She went on the stage because she had nothing to wear.

Husband So I see.—London Opinion.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhœa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

TEA AS A BEVERAGE.

It Is Said to Enrich a Person Both Morally and Physically.

Did you know that tea drinking is a splendid aid to one's morals? At least that is the opinion of an English scientist who not long ago compiled a learned treatise to show the beneficial effects of tea drinking from a spiritual, physical and moral standpoint.

A meal in the morning, he says, with tea as the beverage will enable a man to pursue his day's work with faculties unclouded, temper unruffled and a generally amiable state of nerves. Besides that, it makes the body active, it clears the sight, it strengthens the appetite and the digestion and is particularly wholesome for men of corpulent bodies and great meat eaters.

It vanishes dreams, increases the memory and prevents sleeplessness. It has been observed that it has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most eloquent harangues and the best treatise on morality.

But, in addition to all this, he claims for tea a strengthening effect on morality. A man who is stimulated by a generous cupful of tea, moderately strong, will be able to withstand more successfully the manifold temptations that assail him in the business and social world into which he is plunged than the man who is not sustained by the same beverage.—Chicago Tribune.

TONGUES OF BIRDS.

That of the Humming Bird Is About the Most Curious of All.

A German naturalist has gathered some curious data with reference to the tongues of birds. As he points out, many persons suppose that woodpeckers use their sharp pointed tongues as darts with which to transfix their prey. It is true that the woodpecker, like the humming bird, can dart out its tongue with extraordinary rapidity and that its mouth is furnished with an elaborate mechanism for this purpose, yet investigation shows that the object of their swift motion is only to catch the prey, not to pierce it. For the purpose of holding the captured victim the woodpecker's tongue is furnished with a sticky secretion.

Inasmuch as it possesses the power of imitating speech, it is not surprising to learn that the parrot's tongue resembles that of man more closely than any other bird's tongue does. It is not because the parrot is more intelligent than many other birds, but because its tongue is better suited for articulation than theirs that it is able to amuse us with its mimicry.

In some respects the humming bird's tongue is the most remarkable of all. It is double nearly from end to end, so that the little creature is able to grasp its insect prey very much as if its mouth were furnished with a pair of fingers.—Harper's Weekly.

Gardens of the Bosporus.

The gardens of the Bosporus are one of the most characteristic features of that river-like strait. They have, moreover, a definite cachet of their own. This is largely prescribed to them by the nature of the soil on which they are laid out. The banks of the Bosporus slope sharply back to a height of some 400 feet and are broken by valleys penetrating more gradually into the rolling tablelands of Thrace and Asia Minor. Few of their houses, therefore, do not enjoy some view of the water and of the opposite shore, rarely more than a mile or two away. The gardens of the houses are accordingly laid out with reference to those views and are determined in form by the steepness of the hillsides on which they lie. They are terraces—that is, one or many according to the size of the garden.—Scribner's.

"He said there are no classes in this country."

"I guess he never attended night school."

A LITTLE BIT OF PARADISE.

Tahiti, In the South Seas, a Place of Charm and Leisure.

Rarotonga gives you a kind of foretaste of the whole charm and beauty of the south seas. It is the appetizer, the hors d'oeuvre, not the whole meal. Tahiti is the whole thing, the real thing, the thing one has dreamed about all one's life, the thing which made Stevenson leave Europe forever. All tellers of fairy tales and all poets from Homer downward have always imagined the existence of certain islands which were so full of magic and charm that they turned man from his duty and from all tasks, labor or occupation in which he was engaged and held him a willing captive who would not sell his captivity for all the prizes of the busy world.

Stevenson in one of his books, "The Wrecker," I think, says that if a man who is toiling in some English town were to be suddenly transported to one of the south sea islands, in the neighborhood of Tahiti, and had a vision of the beauty that is there and then were to be transported back again to his prosaic and ugly surroundings he would say, "At any rate I have had my dream." That is how one feels when one has seen Tahiti. One feels one has had one's dream.

The bay of Papeete curves inward. As you sail into it you are sure to see several white schooners at anchor. At one side is a range of light blue volcanic hills stretching out into the crystalline sea, reminding one of Naples, Capri and Sorrento, and in the middle of the bay there is a tiny little island, consisting of a few cocoa palms. The sea is a transparent azure. Little white houses are dotted all along the line of the beach, nestling in greenery. We walked along the beach into the little town and into the suburbs. It was spring in Tahiti, and every kind of imaginable blossom was flaunting its reckless and extravagant beauty. Everything grows wild in Tahiti.

The people seemed extraordinarily contented and invincibly indolent. I was walking along the main street, and I wanted to get to the postoffice, which I knew was somewhere along that street. I stopped at a store and asked whether I was going the right way. The storekeeper, who was a Frenchman, said, "Yes, you are going right." I then asked if it was far. The storekeeper said it was very far indeed. It would take me a good quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to walk there. I asked him if I could hire a conveyance, as I was in a hurry. He shook his head and thought it unlikely. I then went on my way. I thought I would just time myself and see how long it did take to reach the postoffice. I walked fast, but I found, to my amazement, that it took me exactly three minutes to get there. Doubtless it would have taken a native of Tahiti twenty minutes. There is no such thing as hurry and no such thing as energy in these islands.—Maurice Baring in Metropolitan.

The Rhine May Get the Danube.

Of late the evolutions of the course of the Danube above Vienna have been the subject of much research. According to most authorities, the source of the Danube is in the two streamlets called Bregach and Breg, which descend from the flanks of the Black forest, in the grand duchy of Baden, and unite at Donauschingen with a spring, regarded by some as the true source. The stream from this point flows southeastward toward the bases of the Rhine and the Lake of Constance through the calcareous beds of the Swabian Jura and at certain points into sinks and rifts. Coloring matter has shown that there is a leakage of this subterranean water to the Rhine basin. The prediction of a German scientist is that the whole of the Danube above Tuttlingen will some day be captured by the Rhine.—New York Sun.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

When Jim Hardy Got a Divorce.

"Say, Mis' Thornton, may I use your telephone a minit?" and into my house rushed the tall New England farmer, known to all our neighborhood as Jim Hardy.

"Certainly!" said I, as he went to the telephone, and I carefully closed the doors behind him, for I felt a little delicate about listening to his message, it having been noised about that Jim and Miriam were having trouble, the latter being his young and pretty wife.

A few years before Jim had brought to his farm this same pretty girl as a bride. The neighbors shook their heads, for neighbors always disapprove of a match which has been made without reference to their wishes. Then Miriam Bagley was a city girl and knew nothing about farm life, and what would Jim do with a wife who could not make good butter and help carry on the farm? These were but two of the objections raised, but they caused not even a ripple in the sea of happiness, on which the young couple fondly imagined they had set sail.

Miriam was smart, as well as pretty, and soon learned how to care for the milk and the hens, to cook and to churn. She was well and strong and bound to make good, as the saying is, and for a time all went well. Little by little the inside of the house began to look different, till it wasn't the same place at all it had been in the slack rule of the old housekeeper, Melviny Sparks.

The next summer Miriam coaxed Jim to let her take boarders and she made money enough to put on a new porch and refurnish the parlor. The neighbors stopped croaking and making fun of her butter and early mistakes and began to praise her a little. Most everybody spoke well of her, though a few of the women still harped on her good looks and said she was too pretty to come out all right. Jim grew proud of her, however, for he liked her thrift and the money she brought in, since he came of a family that was tightfisted and close—well, as close as the bark of a tree.

Two years ago a baby had come to round out their happiness, a boy, sturdy and strong, and looking for all the world like the Hardy's, who had lived in this region for more than 200 years, from the first Thomas Hardy, who had been lured into the woods and murdered by the Indians. Wasn't Jim proud and happy? And now this beautiful fall day he was fairly yelling through the telephone to his lawyer in town, demanding that Miriam, who had an hour before left his bed and board, be arrested when she returned to the village! Why, I could hear him way up in the chamber and I started downstairs at once. Miriam arrested! That pretty, dark-haired wife, who had been the very apple of his eye, the mother of his child, while he thought himself happier than any prince dared to be! It was terrible!

When he met me in the hall and tried to thank me for the use of the telephone, I could only stammer—"Don't mention it!—Jim, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" But the poor chap looked like death and destruction and I'm soft-hearted, so I stopped scolding and let him out into the sunny kitchen, for I surmised the man hadn't eaten or slept and was in a bad way. I stayed him with a cup of strong coffee, comforted him with a good breakfast and tried my best to calm him down and get a straight story of his trouble. But he was too mad to be fair and I soon stopped.

It was an old story. Jim had evidently become as mean with his wife as he was toward the rest of the world—I'd had a little hay trade myself with him two years before, that still rankled—and Miriam, worked early and late, had been getting discouraged. She was so young and so pretty and the other girls she knew were having such a good time, out in the world. Her pretty clothes were worn out, also, and Jim was not nice about giving her money for more gowns and hats. He wetted at night and flatly refused to take her to the neighborhood parties and dances, as he had gladly done when matrimony was a new and blessed thing and he was proud of being the husband of the prettiest woman on the Bayside road.

Under such circumstances, the devil is sure to show up, and he soon appeared in the shape of a flourishing young bachelor relative of Jim, who came to board with them. Charles Norcross was good-looking, good-natured and as straight as a string, and for a time all went well. He waked Jim up somewhat, and all three went around together for a while. Little by little he began to see there was discord in the family tune—but he held his peace, much as he pitied Miriam, and only tried on the quiet to make her life easier and brighter.

One night, Jim came in tired and cross, and refused up and down to go to the Junction to a dance that was to be given that evening. Miriam had counted on going to that particular dance, the first for some weeks. All the young people were to be there. Sue Johnson had come up, from a mile down the road, to see what she was going to wear, and to tell her that the Carter girls were home from Lawrence and that Mrs. Carter had said—"Now, I guess we'll know Jim Hardy that his wife is no better looking than some other girls." It was an open secret that Lidia Carter had tried her prettiest to catch Jim before he ever saw Miriam. That was like putting a match to tow, of course, and Miriam had made up her mind to put her best foot forward. She had fixed over her white dress and had learned a new way to do her hair, from one boarders at the Bayside Child hotel.

There were tears in her eyes when Jim put his foot down, but she placed the baby in his crib and sitting down to supper began to pour out the tea, without a word. Charley saw the tears and came to the rescue.

"I'spose I drive Miriam up! I wasn't going to take any girl, and perhaps Sue Johnson 'll go along with us, as she was just riding up with Dick and his wife!"

"I don't care who takes her 'long! I don't have to stir out tonight. It's all foolishness anyway. Women are never satisfied to stay at home, where they belong!" was Jim's surly answer, and he went on tending his grouch.

If he had looked as if he cared, or spoken kindly like the old Jim, nothing would have tempted her, I know, even then, for Miriam was a good girl and wanted to do the right thing. But the little devils sitting below, according to the poets, were getting in their work certainly.

"That's all right, Jim! You see Charley, he don't care. I'll be glad to go with your sister and drive down for her, and I'll be ready against you get back," was her gay reply, and they settled it.

Miriam dressed in a rush and came down to show herself to Jim, but he was half asleep on the couch and passed her away with a growl of—

"Don't bother me!"

And she was well worth looking at! I saw her that night, for I went as a chaperone—that's what they called me—to half a dozen girls, who were boarding on the farm next to us. When Miriam came in with Charley Norcross I saw the nudges and winks going around and I was mad way through. She held her head high—and her eyes shone like two stars. The white dress was mighty pretty and Mirry always had an air and a style with her. Her neck was smooth and white and her arms were round and soft, and the ribbon girdle marked a waist as trim and neat as she ever had as a girl. There was a knot of geranium-red-velvet on her breast and another in the waves of her dark hair.

What was Jim thinking about to let her come without him, for she was such a dainty morsel that good's fell upon her, teeth and nail, at once. Yes, the Carter girls with their marcelle waves and floery coulin't touch her, that's one sure thing. She half realized the situation, but carried it off with a dash that fairly took Charley off his feet. She danced and flirted with him and the rest of the beaux in a reckless fashion that made me, old woman as I am, anxious and uneasy, for I knew ere long Jim would hear of it, and the story wouldn't shrink any in the telling, either.

"Come and sit by me, dearie, and rest," I begged, as she stopped for a moment, while I pinned the ruffle on her gown and whispered—

"Oh, Miriam, do be careful, the cats are all here, and Tattle square will buzz tomorrow."

"Don't you care," she laughed. "Jim don't!" and with that she was off, in the dance again.

That was the beginning of the end. She did nothing wrong, but was foolish in the woman's old way of folly, trying to hide her mortification at Jim's indifference, which was, of course, mostly put on, by her gay manner and her craze for a good time. People were talking and more than one had spoken of Charley, warning him, and of course, there were those who went to Jim. Probably they felt it their duty, or said they did. There was never yet a mortal who began to walk a little wobbly in the straight and narrow way that mischief-makers didn't feel it their duty to call the attention of the very ones who never should be told. Jim grew more and more moody, and was cross and irritable all the time, and it only needed a slight jar to cause an explosion that would frighten everybody.

Well, it happened soon enough. Charley came home from work one night and found Miriam crying over little Jim, the baby. She was sitting on the couch, and he went over to her, asking anxiously what the matter was, she put her head down on the baby's neat and sobbed it to break a man's heart, especially if it was tender and a little foolish like his.

Now he didn't mean any harm, these good-natured, careless fellows never do mean harm—but Miriam was pretty and unhappy, and—well he was like all the rest of the men, and his arm happened to slide around her waist as he bent over her and again whispered, "What's up, Miriam? Won't you tell me?"

Of course, with a good, lively Satan ramping and roaring up and down the earth, hunting for mischief, Jim had to open the door just at that minute. I never knew just what he said, but 'twas easy to imagine. I do know that he flung Charley Norcross out of the house, said dreadful things to Miriam, grabbed the baby and marched off to his sister's home down the road vowing vengeance. Tale was the night before we came to my home to telephone the lawyer about arresting Miriam. She sent for her folks, and they came the next day, and she went with them, after another terrible scene with him in the home she had made so comfortable and pretty. Why, he wouldn't even let her see little Jim, her own baby.

Talk about your city tragedies! There's nothing to my mind so heart-rending as things that happen up and down our country roads, behind the windows of the farmhouses, under the shingles of the neat barns or perhaps over an old well curb. Here was a home that three months before I would have pointed out as a model, now ruined and desolate; yet nobody had done anything terribly wrong.

How the gossips twittered. And Tattle square was like a huge, angry beehive. Most everybody sided with Miriam, but enough upheld Jim to keep him mad and he grew worse all the time.

If everybody had left them alone and minded their own business, a week would have seen them reconciled, but that couldn't be. "Ef I was Jim I'd see her in—"—well we know where—"first" said some of the men and "Miriam's had enough to bear and I for one hope she'll stay away." These were some of the sentiments expressed while letters of advice, enough to settle a war, kept the poor girl stirred up all the time.

The winter dragged on some way, were whole volumes of talk about the matter and all kinds of stories were started. Jim was going to get a divorce, a bill, as the country folks say, and word came that Miriam would fight it—a cross libel, I believe they call it. He made terrible charges against her character, at least that was the talk, and she swore cruel and abusive treatment against him. Altogether, there promised to be lively times in the county court when the case was called in early June.

And then news came from Massachusetts that the baby had died suddenly, with pneumonia, and neither Miriam nor Jim to kiss his little eyelids down or to hold him in their aching arms. That was the worst of all. I couldn't have forgiven Jim then, if I'd been his wife, for he had hidden the baby away, where Miriam couldn't find him and now neither of them could, no matter how hard they might search.

Jim came back with the little coffin and the heir to the Hardy name and the Hardy acres was buried among his kindred of 200 years past. Poor Jim! I was beginning to pity him, for he looked like a ghost, and I think everyone feared he'd do himself harm, as it was whispered, more than one of his race had done, in years gone by.

It was getting along toward the last of May and court was already in session, with only a week to spare before the divorce case could come, and it made me sick every time I thought of it. One warm afternoon, the stage stopped at my door and a pale little woman came up the walk dragging a heavy suit case. It was Miriam, or her ghost, and as I put out my arms she fell into them and cried on my shoulder.

"Oh! Mrs. Thompson—little Jim—is dead and I didn't get a word—in time, to go to him—and now of course—Jim thinks me worse—than ever! May I stay here a day or two? Perhaps—I can see him—go by, or something"—and as she looked up to my face, with her great gray-blue eyes and dark rings around them, where she had cried and not slept, I forgave her all her folly and blamed her husband more than ever.

"Certainly, dear, stay as you like. Shall I send for him?"

"No! He wouldn't come! I think he hates me now more than ever. How can he? How can he hate me so? Or I suppose it's all my fault," and she cried again harder than before.

"But it was not, child, you were only a little foolish and indiscreet—while Jim was downright—" I couldn't finish what I wanted to say, for a thin little hand was placed over my lips.

That night, at twilight, she slipped down the lane to the pasture bars and stood in the shadow of the big lilac bush. She did not know I saw her, but I knew she was watching for Jim to come for his cows, as he had done so many times before when he was home late from his work. The stupid, patient creatures stood at the bars, solemnly chewing their cuds and watched the little figure in the white waist going among them, giving a pat to one and another and crooning over them all.

At last I heard the rattle of a wagon and Jim drove furiously around the bend in the road above the house stopped his horse, jumped down and ran to let down the bars. As the last one fell with a crash I saw him stop and look under the lilac bush—"Miriam! My God, where'd you come from?"—I could hear no more and didn't need to, for through the vines that covered my window and even through the shutters that filled my eyes, I saw something dark slide around the little white waist, while a pair of white sleeves crept up around Jim's neck, or I may say be mistaken.

I could hear nothing save the clink of the harness, as the old horse led along the road, and the sad, clear call of the whip-poor-will, that sang every night in the pasture woods.

And—there was no divorce after all.—Commercial Traveler's Magazine.

Short of Power.

The audience which heard the Rev. W. W. Bustard's address at the Christian Endeavor convention was amused by a story on the honest man.

"While riding in an auto with Mr. Rockefeller recently, some miles from Cleveland," said the Rev. Dr. Bustard, "we were about to pass a little barefoot girl plodding along through the dust when Mr. Rockefeller ordered the chauffeur to halt the car. Then he invited her to step up on the running board and asked her where she would like to have the car stopped.

"The little girl said she wanted to get off at the second crossroads and asked:

"'How far are you going?'

"'On, we're going to Heaven,' Mr. Rockefeller answered.

"The little girl was surprised, as many people are when he says that. Then he asked:

"'Don't you think we'll get there?'

"'No,' said the little girl.

"'And why not?' persisted Mr. Rockefeller.

"'I don't think you have enough gasoline,' she said.—Cleveland Press.

Scotch Division.

At a school north of the Tweed the teacher was instructing his class in the rudiments of simple division.

"If," he said to one of the boys, "I had 20 marbles and I wanted to divide them, Willy, between you and MacGregor, how many would you get?"

"Ten, maybe," said the boy.

"Why, maybe?" asked the master.

"Because, sir, MacGregor would give me 10 unless you were standing by."—Youth's Companion.

Trying To Save Gas.

Sarah, the new maid, was unused to city ways. One day soon after her arrival her mistress noticed a pail hanging from the gas bracket in the hall. Suspecting the girl, she called Sarah, and asked what it meant.

"Well, you see, ma'am," replied Sarah, "the master said the gas was leaking, so I put the pail to catch it."—San Francisco Call.

The Awakening.

"You're looking mighty sour; what's the matter? Honeymoon over?"

"I guess so."

"How did that happen?"

"Oh, we were drifting along down life's enchanted stream, like the poet tells about, and just as I was thinking I should like to drift on and on with her forever, she up and told me she had got to have some money."—Boston Post.

Infallible.

Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes said of the divorce evil in a recent address in New York:

"There is never any thought of divorce so long as love endures on both sides."

She smiled and added:

"The one infallible way to keep a man's or woman's love is to return it."

Warned the Brethren—When Brother Amhuldab Johnsing was pastor of a colored congregation in Mississippi he was so forgetful of the dignity of his cloth as to join in a game of craps one night. The bones ran against him, and he lost all the Sunday school funds. For this he was duly tried and the verdict of the tribunal was as follows:

"The Reverend Amhuldab Johnsing am acquitted of the sin of Gambling pervided he pays the Money back come next Satterdy night. In the meantime the Members of this Congregashen is warned again' shootin' Craps with Brudder Johnsing."—St. Paul Dispatch.

It was 2 a. m. when Mrs. Wigwag was awakened by a loud crash in the lower hall. "Is that you, John?" she called over the banister.

"Yesh, my dear," replied Mr. Wigwag.

"Did you break anything?" she demanded.

"Only one of my new year's resolutions."—Philadelphia Record.

"Why the limp?"

"Her father—"

"Sure enough? Ha-ha-ha!"

"That's right, laugh!"

"But you told me just last evening that her father had better not raise his hands to you."

"Well, it wasn't his hand."—Houston Post.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Much Lime is Needed For New England's Soil.

The Trouble Has Been to Secure It at a Low Cost to the Farmers.

CHEAP LIME NOW ASSURED.

Estimated That The Production Of Farms Can Be Doubled At Least.

What is the matter with the New England farm? Why is it that farms in this region produce only twenty-five per cent. of what her population consumes? Why is it that so many farms elsewhere make fortunes for their owners while many in New England are affording but a bare subsistence? Why is it we hear of the glorious crops of alfalfa in the West, the wealth flowing from Wisconsin's dairies and the fruit farms of Washington and yet little if any mention of New England's crops while many of her agricultural towns are constantly giving up their sons and daughters to the cities?

A good many people are asking such questions as these today and a good many people are trying to furnish answers to them—agricultural experts and sociologists in particular. Despite the many factors which enter into the problem of keeping folks on the farm and away from the congested cities, it is generally agreed that by making the farm more productive you make it more attractive and that the emigration from the farm will materially lessen if not entirely cease once this is accomplished.

Unquestionably New England should be a region so inviting to the farmer as it has been to the industrial classes, because here in a comparatively small area are millions of people to be fed—14,000,000 east of the Hudson River. Here is a land which has perhaps more trolley cars to the square mile than any other section of the country. There is one mile of railroad track to every 7,63 square miles. Distributed among its farm lands are populous cities easily reached. At least ninety per cent. of the population are clamoring for some one to feed them while they toil at loom and spindle.

And why isn't this being done? Why aren't its farms bringing in rich returns to the farmers? The answer to this, according to many agricultural experts, is that the soil lacks certain ingredients, in short, that it is "run out land." They have been raising crops on many of these farms for more than 275 years. These farms fed those whose descendants now people the West. All this time, while they have been putting back into the soil certain ingredients which nature has required they have failed to put back the proper proportion of lime.

It is estimated that 75 per cent. of the land in New England is sadly in need of lime. Lime is one of the things which nature requires for her work. Without lime we would all die. They have had lime here—every place has lime—but the lime has been used for commercial purposes while all the time the ground that has been expected to furnish food has been starving for it.

One of the chief lines of work the agricultural colleges have undertaken has been to acquaint the farmers with this condition with the result that most of them are to-day cognizant of it, though probably few realize the possibilities which proper curbonement of the soil in this manner would mean for them. By the proper liming of the soil throughout New England the fertility of its farms, according to those who have made the matter a study, would be increased at the lowest estimate 100 per cent. In other words, where New England now produces $114,399,237 in agricultural products she would furnish $228,798,474. She could feed her own population and be an exporter of farm products instead of an importer. It would have the effect of increasing her poultry products and her dairy products as well, would make her farms compare favorably with those of the West as producers with this tremendous advantage—that they would be at the doors of the greatest market in this country if not in the world, instead of being hundreds if not thousands of miles away from it.

Take the matter of dairy products. Dairying has not been profitable in New England because of the low price of milk and the high cost of food for the cattle. If the land could be made to yield twice as much food it would cut the cost of production in two and would put dairying on a very profitable basis for the New England farmer situated as he is close to the greatest consuming centre in the country.

Already experiments made with lime in New England have shown some surprising results. We hear of the great alfalfa crops of the West. To-day some progressive New England farmers are raising from three to four tons of alfalfa, clover and forage per acre on land which before did not produce one third of that amount and they are doing this by reason of the fact that they have used lime by the ton.

By the liberal use of lime alfalfa can be grown in New England in quantities that would rival the West, judging from the results of the experiments. On the farm of Col. Charles M. Jarvis at Berlin, Conn., the alfalfa yield has been as high as six tons to the acre. Five hundred pounds of lime was used to the acre. Experiments on this farm have shown that any New England farmer can raise $100 of alfalfa to the acre.

The results in the dairy line have been equally wonderful. On a farm at Brockton, Mass., 110 head of stock have been raised on eighty acres. The average yield of hay and forage in New England is about a ton to the acre. On his farm the use of lime has resulted in a yield of from three to four tons to the acre. H. O. Daniels carries 100 head of stock on eighty acres at Middletown, Conn. Frank Duffy of West Hartford, Conn., carries eighty head on sixty acres.

Such results as these show what is in store for the New England agriculturalist if he is provided with a supply of lime at a low cost. The reason why the New England farmer has neglected to replace the lime taken out of the soil by his crops has been chiefly due to its cost. Burned lime—the only lime heretofore used by farmers—has cost on an average $5 a ton at the nearest railroad station.

While the agricultural colleges have been doing much to enlighten the farmers as to the requirements of their soil it has been recognized that unless the cost of lime to the farmer were cheapened little good could be accomplished. In line with their policy of co-operation the New England railroads recently came to the aid of the farmer in this connection and as a result of their efforts a cheapened supply of lime has now been secured.

As one of the chief purposes of the industrial bureau, established two years ago by the New England Lines, was to aid the farmer so one of the first problems taken up was that of getting back lime into his soil. Heretofore farmers have gone around to lime kilns and taken the slaked lime. Nobody ever thought of furnishing farmers the ground lime before it went into the kiln and the farmers never thought of using it on their farms, though this has been done extensively in the west for some time. Representatives of the industrial bureau of the New Haven, Boston and Maine Central Railroad finally succeeded in unearthing an extensive lime deposit near West Stockbridge, Mass., and have been responsible for the organization recently of the Graugers' Lime and Marble Company, with Wilson H. Lee, vice-president of the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts as its president. This company proposes to furnish ground lime to farmers at a cost of $1.50 a ton f. o. b. or about $3 a ton delivered.

For practical results, as shown by analyses made by the experimental stations, there are 1,800 pounds of pure lime to a ton of air slaked lime and 1,000 pounds to a ton of ground lime. But the ground lime will cost now half as much as the other. The result on the soil, according to the experts, is the same, and no less authority than Prof. W. A. Henry, formerly Dean of the Wisconsin Agricultural College, says that he would rather have ground lime than the other.

Line Busy.

In the telephone office there was one girl who was always late in the morning.

Time and time again the local manager requested her to be more punctual but her tardiness still continued, until he was moved to use desperate methods.

"Now Miss ——," said he as she came to her exchange board one morning carrying a package in his hands. "I have a little scheme that I hope will induce you to arrive at the office in time. I have bought this fine alarm clock for you. Please promise me that you will make proper use of it."

The young woman promised, and the first night set the alarm at the required hour for rising the next morning.

At the indicated hour the clock, set up a tremendous whirring, loud enough to awaken the whole house. But the sleepy little lassie turned over in bed, and said in her sweetest tones:

"Line's busy; call again, please."

Easily Explained.

William Jennings Bryan, on his last visit to Philadelphia, said:

"Oh, yes, they have no difficulty in explaining away the high cost of living. No difficulty whatever.

"I know a woman who went to a fruiterer's to buy some apples the other day. The price of the apples shocked her.

"'Why are these so high?' she complained.

"'They're high ma'am,' said the salesman, with a gallant smile, 'because they're so scarce.'

"'But,' said the woman, 'I read in yesterday morning's paper that there was such a bumper crop that apples were rotting on the tree.

"The salesman rubbed his hands. He smiled more gallantly than ever.

"'That's just it, ma'am,' he said. 'That's why they're scarce, of course. It doesn't pay, you see, to pick them.'"

Her Favorite.

The other Sunday evening, when church service was over, a young curate started on his journey home, accompanied by two young ladies of the choir, when they began a conversation about hymns.

"What is your favorite hymn?" asked the curate, turning to one of his fair companions.

"'Draw Me Nearer,' she replied, not thinking of the double meaning.

At that moment her companion, who was walking on the other side of the curate, to make matters worse, said, innocently:

"That is only the chorus; the commencement of the verse is 'I am thine.'"

At this the curate laughed heartily and the ladies are always very careful now when talking about hymns.

Prepared For Peril.

"Have you made your will, John?"

"Yes, mother."

"Have you oiled and loaded your revolver?"

"Yes."

"And put on your bulletproof jacket?"

"Yes."

"Is your prayer book in the pocket over your heart?"

"Yes."

"Then go where duty calls you, dear." There were no tears in that brave mother's eyes as she watched her son march away on his business trip to New York city. The women of the suburbs learn Spartan stoicism in these wild, murderous days.—Newark News.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for Sick Headache and every woman should know this. They are not only a positive cure, but a sure preventive if taken when the approach is felt. Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly on the liver and stop, and in this way remove the cause of disease without first making you sick by a weakening purge. If you try them you will not be disappointed.

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia make you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.

They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is a very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will and relief. They never fail to do good.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

All Sorts.

"He says he's a self-made man. What sort of a fellow is that?"

"Oh, just like all amateur productions."—Detroit Free Press.

"What you need," said the doctor, "is an operation."

"Very well," replied the patient. "Which operation are you cleverest at?"—Detroit Free Press.

Ethel. Harry is going to teach me to play cards so that I'll know all about it after we're married.

Edith. That's nice. What game is he going to teach you?

Ethel. He proposes solitaire.

"Bert is an awful flatterer," said Clara. "Have you noticed it, dear?"

"Why, no," replied Dora. "Did he say that you were pretty?"

"No, dear," responded Clara; "but he said you were."—Lippincott's.

Simpson. Whatever induced your uncle to marry the widow of a man who was hanged?

Jimpson. He has been married to widows before, and says he was tired of having the virtues of a former husband flung in his face.—Exchange.

"I see you have a new cook," said Mrs. Keen, as she smiled at the hostess across the table.

"Yes," replied the hostess. "How did you know?"

"I've been studying the thumb prints on the plates," replied Mrs. Keen.

Willie Paw, what does a doctor take your temperature for?

Paw. To see that it doesn't get too high, my son.

Willie. But suppose it gets too low, what happens?

Paw. He notifies the coroner that you have cold feet, my son.

Jimson. I do spring cleaning at all seasons of the year.

Jackson. How's that?

Jimson. I'm a watchmaker.

"Duckfitz married an optimist."

"Why do you think so?"

"Any woman would be an optimist who accepted Duckfitz."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Elderly Gentleman (to librarian)—I want to do some light reading.

Fresh Librarian. Go down in the cellar and look at the gas meter.—Chaparral.

Hobbs. My wife thinks its wicked for me to play golf.

Slobbs. It is—the way you play it.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Cook's Caller. Don't you ever get lonesome in the Klondike, Bridget?

Bridget. Waunce in a while, then sure I get the sink stopped up an' I have the company of the plumber an' his man for the day.—Boston Transcript.

"You drank too much punch at that reception yesterday."

"Who saw me drink too much punch?"

"It wasn't necessary to total up. When I came in you was holding an animated conversation with the piano lamp."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Daughter—Papa, did you know mamma long before you married her?

Her Father—Just between you and me my dear, I don't know her yet.—Chicago News.

Blobbs—The Bible tells us we should love our enemies.

Slobbs—I wonder if that is why women kiss each other?—Philadelphia Record.

There is no doubt about most of the suffragettes being old enough to vote.—Pittsburgh Post.

Husband—By Jove, I want something exciting to read; something really blood-curdling.

Helpful Wife—Here is my dressmaker's bill, dearest.—Puck.

"Can you cook on an emergency?"

"No, sir, but I can on a gas stove."—Baltimore American.

Husband—What! The fifth summer hat! That is outrageous.

Wife—Never mind, dear, fall will soon be here.—Berggendorfer Blatter.

Blobbs—Polly Peachleigh looks like a perfect poem.

Blobbs—Yes, but if you try to kiss her, you'll find that she is not averse.—Philadelphia Record.

The man was looking at houses.

"Where's the lawn?"

"Here it is," said the agent. "The man next door has his door mat over it."—Washington Herald.

Medium—Shall I call up the spirit of your dead wife?

"Half a moment while I put out my cigar; she never allowed me to smoke."—Pele-Mele.

Whittler (to his daughter)—Did you tell that young man he couldn't stay after midnight?

"Yes, papa."

"Then why didn't he go?"

"He wanted to know if the order had been confirmed by mammia."—Life.

"What's wrong with that melancholy man you were talking to just now?"

"He has been disappointed in love."

"Too bad! Did some other fellow get the girl?"

"No, he got the girl, but she won't support him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Marion came to the breakfast table late and was scanned by the reproachful eyes of her mother.

"Did that young man kiss you last night, Marion?"

"Now, mother," said the very pretty girl, with a reminiscent smile, "do you suppose that he came all the way from Blue Rock to bear me sing?"—Lippincott's.

"You called me a dog, sir."

"Oh, no; Some dogs are very fine creatures. I called you a cur."—Baltimore American.

"Wonderful soil here," said the traveler; "I've never seen such big corn."

"Yes," said the farmer, "and we had to plant a dwarf variety to keep it down to this size."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Ethel—I suppose Jack was at the steamer to wish you bon voyage.

Kitty—Oh, better than that; he was there with a five-pound box of candy and he wished me a bon bon voyage."—Boston Transcript.

The Judge—Have you ever tried to find work? Everett Wreet—Surel I've filed me application fer de position of sportin' editor of de Congressional Record.

"Casey," said Pat, "how do yez tell th' age of a tu-u-r-key?"

"Oi can always tell by the teeth," said Casey.

"By the teeth!" exclaimed Pat, "But a tu-u-rkey has no teeth."

"No," admitted Casey, "but Oi have."—London Opinion.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1913.

NOTES.

OLD NEWPORT CEMETERIES—Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

Smyton, Benj. Robert, of Benj. and Mary, d. Jan. 9, 1731, ag. 4 mo. 2 d.—Common ground.

Spear, John, of Pierce and ——, d. Mar. 5, 1785, ag. 3 y. 8 mos.—Common ground.

Spencer, Phebe, of Tho's and Phebe, d. Jan. 8, 1709, ag. 21 y.—Island Cemetery.

Spencer, Thomas, d. at Trinidad, 1786, ag. 45 y.—Common ground.

Spooner, Mr. Jethro, d. Mar. 2, 1760, ag. 82 y.—Island Cemetery.

Spooner, Jethro, of Jethro and Jerusha, d. Apr. 23, 1766, ag. 8 mos. 1 d.—Island Cemetery.

Spooner, Patience, wife of Charles, d. at North Kingstown, Nov. 15, 1761, ag. 26 y.—Island Cemetery.

Springer, Abigail S., of John and Mary, d. Sept. 27, 1793, ag. 24 d.—Island Cemetery.

Springer, Judith wife of John d. June 8, 1762, ag. 22 yrs.—Common ground.

Southwick, Deborah, of Joseph and Mary, d. May 9, 1765, ag. 16 y.—Island Cemetery.

Southwick, Joseph, d. Sept. 15, 1780, ag. 60 y.—Island Cemetery.

Southwick, Mary, wife of Joseph, d. Oct. 6, 1788, ag. 66 y.—Island Cemetery.

Sowle, Eben'r Son of Nath'l and Abigail d. Aug., 1777, 7 m.—Common ground.

To be continued.

Probate matter in Newport Town Council Records, restored volume No. 3.—E. M. T.

Allen, Samuel, Newport, Cordwainer. Will, dated Dec. 22, 1714, proved Apl 9, 1717. Ex. son John Allen.—p. 124. Inventory Mar. 3, 1716-7.—p. 126.

Beere, Sarah, Will, dated Dec. 20, 1717; proved Jan. 6, 1717-8. Ex., friend Jonathan Nichols,—p. 172. Inventory, Jan. 6, 1717-8—p. 173.

Belcher, Benjamin, Newport, shipwright. Will, dated Ap. 14, 1718, proved May 7, 1716. Ex. father Arnold Collins and brother John Beere.—p. 55. Inventory Ap. 28, 1716.—p. 68.

Bennet, John, Administration to brother Job Bennet, in place of wife Deborah, who refused to serve, Mar. 2, 1718-9.—249. Inventory Mar. 2, 1718-9.—p. 247. Will, dated Dec. —, 1717; rec. Mar. —, 1718-9. Ex.; wife Deborah.—p. 248. (Mentioned mother Penelope.)

Bliss, John, Will, dated Feb. 8, 1716-7; proved Mar. 4, 1716-7. Ex. son Josiah Bliss.—p. 120.

Bliss, ——, Major, Newport. Inventory taken ——4, 1716-7, p. 95.

Borden, Benjamin, Newport. Administration to Joseph Borden, Newport, Merchant, Sept. 1, 1718. p. 233. Inventory Aug. 1, 1718. p. 226.

Borden, Benjamin, aged 18, son of John, of Portsmouth. Guardianship granted to Joseph Redman of Philadelphia, merchant, Dec. 3, 1716. p. 102.

Bourse, Peter, Newport. Administration to Barthsheba Hart, formerly widow of Peter Bourse, Feb. 7, 1714-5 p. 18. Inventory, 1714-5. p. 21.

Bourse, Peter, son of Peter, deceased. Guardianship to Frankland Mortin, who married Barthsheba Hart, late Bourse, mother of said Peter, Jan. 6, 1717-8. p. 167.

Bright, William, Newport, Vintner. Will, dated Feb. 8, 1716-7, proved Sept. 6, 1717. Ex. wife Sarah Bright. p. 166. Inventory, Oct. 7, 1717.

Brock, Sarah, dau. of Peter. Guardianship to Capt. Benj. Bull, Ap. 7, 1718.—p. 190.

Brock, William, son of Peter, aged 16 years. Guardianship to father-in-law, Henry Beere, Ap. 7, 1718.—p. 190.

Brown, Richd., "Who died at ye house of Cornelius Fowler." Inventory Ap. 15, 1716.—p. 217.

Clarke, John, Newport, Physician, Codicil, dated Ap. 20, 1676; rec. Jan. 5, 1718.—p. 238. Codicil dated Ap. 20, 1676; rec. Jan. 5, 1718.—p. 241.

Clarke, Walter, Inventory, Estate shown by widow Sarah, Taken June 7, 1714; rec. June 21, 1714.—p. 1. Administration to Thomas Rodman, Nathaniel Sheffield and George Cornell. [June 14, 1714]—p. 2.

Cleaveland, Aron, Newport, Administration to widow Rachel, Feb. 3, 1717.—p. 184. Inventory, Feb. 3, 1717.—p. 183.

Cole, James, Newport. Will, dated Feb. 14, 1716-7; rec. June 2, 1718, Ex. Mary Cole.—p. 208. Inventory 3-22-1718.—p. 208.

Coleman, James, London, England, Mariner, Will, dated Jan. —, 1718-9. proved Feb. 2, 1718-9; Ex. brother John Coleman; of Boston, Mass.—p. 244. Inventory, Feb. —, 1718-9.—p. 244.

(To be continued.)

Queries

7835. Sherman—Who were the ancestors of Abigail Sherman who married Bartholomew Demorest, in Newport, R. I., about 1807 or 1808? Their children were Charlotte, John, Bartholomew, Julia, William and possibly one other.—E. M. C.

7836. MATHEWSON—Who were the ancestors of Noah Mathewson, Sr? Whom did he marry? His wife's name was Juda (or Judith). Had the following children, born in Johnston, R. I.: Charles, b. June 29, 1757; Ass, Sept. 4, 1758; Lucretia, July 27, 1760; Darius, Dec. 7, 1762; Rhoda, May 30, 1764; Joseph, June 12, 1767; Benjamin, June 17, 1767; Noah, June 21, 1771; Judith, June 21, 1771; Daniel, Ap. 27, 1777, md. Anna Angell of Scituate, Dec. 17, 1798.—E. K.

7837. ALLAN. BLOOD—Paternal grandparents of Polly Allan, who married Moses Blood of Mass., and the paternal grandparents of Betsey Allen who married John May.—C. B.

7838. CLARK. THAYER—A granddaughter of Abigail (Warner) Clark, daughter of Chester Clark and his wife Grace Thayer, would like to learn of the descendants of said Abigail's three brothers, Lewis, Harvey and Charles Chauncey, who emigrated to Ohio about 1810. They were all descendants of William Clark, an early settler of Northampton, Mass.—L. P.

7839. SHERMAN—Joseph Sherman of Monroe, Conn., b. 1786, son of Nathaniel and Polly Carp (Nichols) Sherman, married 1st, Betsey ——. He married 2d, between 1814 and 1818 Polly —— (last name wanted). What was her ancestry?—A. A.

7840. HAWKINS, SMITH—Ancestry of Lieut. Samuel Hawkins who married in Derby, Conn., Mar. 16, 1768, Sarah Smith. Did they have other children than Edward and Clarasah born in Derby?—W. M.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The annual meeting of the Union Cemetery Corporation was held on Tuesday evening, Vice President Albert S. Walker, presiding. The following officers were elected:

President—Fillmore Coggeshall.
Vice President—Albert S. Walker,
Secretary—Robert W. Anthony.
Treasurer—Herbert E. Chase.
Trustee for 3 years—William Barclay.
Auditors for one year—William Barclay, John R. Coggeshall.

Voted that William Barclay be a committee to have the unplatted part of the cemetery platted and blue-prints made.

The Superintendent reports the sale of 3½ lots with a short time, and that several more lots have been put in Perpetual Care lately. Two new members attended the meeting.

The late George B. Coggeshall donated by will $500 for the care of the Coggeshall lot in the Union Cemetery.

The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held on Monday afternoon

In response to a communication from the Women's Christian Temperance Union asking the Council to stop the gambling in Newtown village, it was voted that the town Sergeant be ordered to proceed in the matter and report at the council meeting June 9th.

James Matthews and Rescom P. Manchester were appointed Republican supervisors for the special town meeting June 3rd, and William W. Tallman and David B. Anthony were Democratic supervisors. One fruit peddlers license was granted and one refused.

James C. Reilly was appointed police constable.

Voted to meet May 29th to canvass the voting list.

Voted that the highway appropriation be divided as follows:—District No. 1, $600; the other districts $300 each, with $500 available for immediate use in each district. A number of bills were ordered paid.

In Probate Court the wills of Ellen Townley and Charles Bailey of Fall River were ordered filed and recorded.

The inventories of the estate of the minor children of Albertis S. Dennis and of the estate of Minot A. Steele were received and ordered recorded.

The widow of Minot A. Steele was granted six months' allowance of $1000.

The petition of Margaret L. Slack, to be appointed guardian of Frank H. Slack was continued to May 29th.

Bernard N. Potter was appointed administrator of the estate of John S. Potter, bond being fixed at $3000, with Abner P. Anthony and Isaac Macomber appraisers, and Berton W. Storrs agent in Rhode Island.

The petition of George D. Lewis asking that Henry G. Douglas, administrator of the estate of Mary E. Austin, be adjudged guilty of unfaithful administration was denied, Robert M. Franklin appearing as counsel for petitioner and William MacLeod for respondent.

The will of Diana G. Hicks was referred to June 9th.

Mother's Day was observed quite generally in the town on Sunday. At the Methodist Episcopal Church there was a Mother's Day concert in the evening. Among those who took part were Rev. John Wadsworth, pastor; Alice Marshall, Alice N. Brayton and Lois Ashly, Mattie Ashly, H. Chester Hedly, Ruth Hedly, Violetta Yeaw, Dorothy Barry, Evelyn Howell, Ernest Cross, Elva Hedly, Roy Cross.

Miss Emily Pierce who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. Frank Robinson of Cambridge, Mass., has returned to her home.

Arbor Day was observed in all the schools by exercises of an appropriate nature. At Vaucluse School, Mrs. Martha Gollands Eddy, teacher, the following took part. Antone Gomez, Nora Sheehan, Marjorie Haire, Lillian Buger, Margaret Conway, Helen Haire, James Carter, John Gibson, Alice Conway, Willis Albee, Bessie Gray, Mary Sheehan, Marian Gibson and Francis Sheehan. There were also exercises by several of the classes.

Postmaster and Mrs. Charles Thomas are being congratulated upon the arrival of a daughter.

Mrs. Eliza Eager of Providence is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Perry G. Randall.

Mrs. Frederick C. Cooke gave a party at her home on Freeborn street Saturday afternoon, in honor of the seventh birthday of her nephew Warren Sherman Anthony. Thirty-two were present, including several mothers. Games were played and refreshments served, including a handsome birthday cake ornamented with seven lighted candles.

Mr. Frederick C. Cooke who has been suffering from an attack of blood-poisoning in his hand is able to be out.

Miss Norma Coggeshall of Middletown has been the guest of her sister Mrs. William B. Anthony.

Mrs. Frederick Webb entertained St. Paul's Guild at her home on Tuesday afternoon.

Henry Mosher, received a serious injury this week. While cranking an automobile the engine back fired and the crank dislocated Mr. Mosher's wrist.

He May I have the pleasure of this dance with you?

She Certainly, but it must be very slow, as I have just gone into mourning.—Fron-Fron.

Willie—Pa, what are the cruelties of barbarism? Pa—Having the barber cut you and then charge you a dime for sticking plaster.—Exchange.

The Savings Bank of Newport

(INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.)

NOTICE.

The laws of Rhode Island require Savings Banks to publish in the month of July, 1913, a list of depositors whose books have not been presented at the bank within twenty years prior to June 30, 1913.

To avoid such publication, depositors and custodians of bank books are requested to present them at the bank to be written up.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

5-1-tf

Summer Furnishing

For years this store has been famed by the completeness of its summer equipment. This season we have determined to outshine ourselves, and our exhibit of summer furnishing is well worth your inspection. For indoor and outdoor the collection is full of new and more ideas designed to beautify as well as complete the luxury and convenience of the summer home. Particularly attractive is the showing of willow furniture in silver grey, brown and white enamel; the sturdy arts and crafts and forest green built to withstand the hardest sort of usage in all sorts of weather. These things have a prominent place in your mind just now and no where will you find a stock so ready to please.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

Telephone Directory

The Summer Issue of the Telephone Directory will Close for Press at 5 P. M.

May 21st

If you are to move to the seashore or country or desire any changes or corrections whatsoever, kindly let us know in time. It may save you future inconvenience.

Telephone, Call or Write to
CONTRACT DEPARTMENT, UNION 6020

Providence Telephone Co.

112 Union St., Providence, R. I.

Natural History Society.

The Newport Natural History Society has been revised after a number of years of inanition, and gives promise of renewed activity. At a meeting on Thursday afternoon, it was announced that 85 new names had been added to the roll, and the tangled affairs during the years of slumber had been straightened out. The museum will be re-arranged by Mr. Ernest Howe, who was elected curator.

The officers elected were as follows:

President—Dr. O. W. Huntington.
Vice Presidents—Dr. Nathan A. Ester, Captain Joseph P. Cotton and Miss Agnes Storer.
Secretary—Joseph G. Parmenter.
Treasurer—Mrs. D. P. A. Jacoby.
Curator—Ernest Howe.
Librarian—Richard Bliss.
Trustees—Miss Theodora Taylor, Rev. William Safford Jones and T. T. Pitman.

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which will delight you and the family with its bands, songs and vaudeville.

T'will play any victor Record.

Our store is the largest victor Establishment.

BARNEY'S Music Store,

140 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

Trifles Acceptabl.—Briggs—I have made a will leaving my brain to the hospital and just got an acknowledgment from the authorities.

Lofty—Were they well pleased?

Briggs—They wrote that every little helps.—American Family Journal.

Her No, Tom. My ideal man must be brave and intellectual.

Him Well, didn't I rescue you from those tramps that were attacking you?

Her That was brave, but not especially intellectual.

Him Wasn't it? I hired those tramps to attack you.—Brooklyn Times.

Not Taking—"My son is taking algebra under you this term, is he not?" remarked the fond father to the new high school teacher.

"Well," was the answer, "your son has been 'expored' to algebra, but I doubt if he will take it."

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is a very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will and relief. They never fail to do good.

REGISTRY VOTERS OF FOREIGN BIRTH.

Notice is hereby given to Registry Voters of Foreign Birth, who have not previously filed proof of citizenship, and who wish to vote at the election to be held on the

3rd Day of June A. D. 1913,

that the time of filing such proof, in order to vote at said Election, expires

May 23rd, 1913, at 5 o'clock p. m.

5-17-1w

Carr's List.

The Call of the Cumberlands, Charles Neville Buck.
Bobbie General Manager, Olive Higgins Prouty.
The Land of the Spirit, Thomas Nelson Page.
Desert Gold, By Zane Grey, author of "The Riders of the Purple Sage."

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Address S. W. S. Box 323,
Peace Dale, R. I.

6-8

"Our college won."

"They did? Rah! Rah! Rah! What did they win?"

"The debate."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Baggy—If a culled man was to call yo' a liab, sah, what wouldyou do?

Mr. Slack—What size culled man, sah?—Judge.

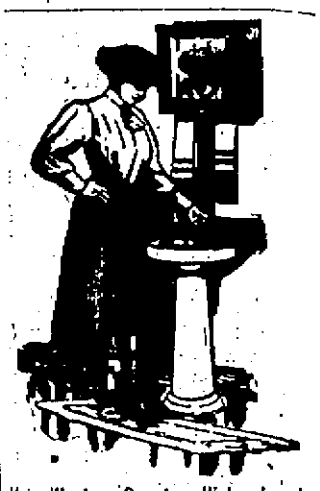
Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 6th, 1913.

Estate of Ellen Peters.

REQUEST in writing is made by Mary O. Richardson, Administrator of the estate of Ellen Peters, late of said Newport, deceased, praying that she may be authorized and empowered to pay to the Island Cemetery Company a certain sum of money for the perpetual care of the lot in which said deceased is buried; and also that she may be authorized to erect a monument at the grave of said deceased at a price not to exceed a certain amount therein stated; and said request is received and referred to the twenty-sixth day of May instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

5-10-3w



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The Rowe Sanitary Lavatory is complete in itself. Nothing to break, nothing to rust, nothing to get out of order. Quickly set up, goes in any part of the room, can't slop over may be moved from place to place.

Just the thing for Home, Office, Apartment, Hotel, Rooming house or summer cottage

"So Handy and So Clean."

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11-16

Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

5-15

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7-23-tf